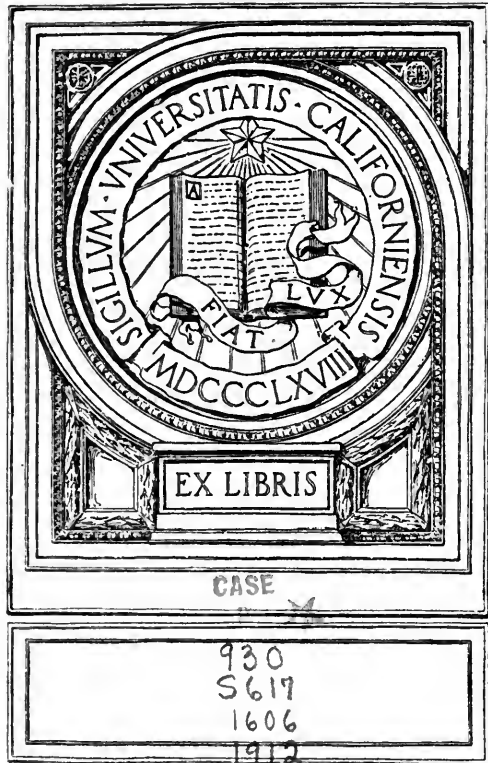


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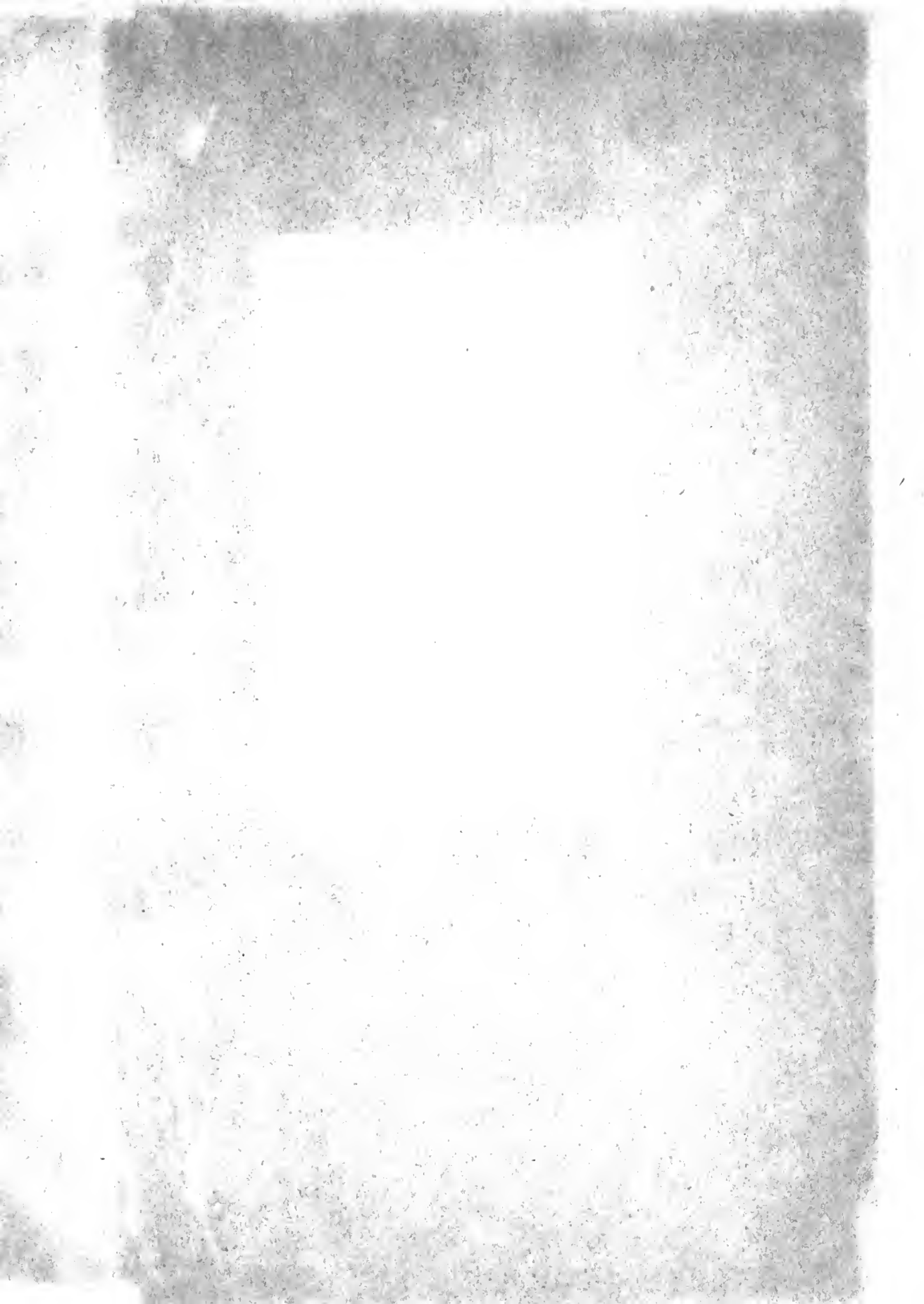
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Sir Giles Goosecap

*Date of Earliest Known Edition* . . . 1606

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

*Sir Giles Goosecappe*

## Sir Giles Goosecap

1606

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# Sir Giles Goosecap

1606

*Besides the Museum copy of this play, from which this facsimile is reproduced, there is another example in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.*

*Another edition, "printed for Hugh Perry," was issued in 1636. Of this impression some copies are found without the date, that being the only variation.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports that "it is a practically faultless reproduction."*

JOHN S. FARMER.

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**SIR**  
**GYLES GOOSECAPPE**  
*Knight.*

---

A Comedie presented by the Child:  
of the Chappell.



**AT LONDON:**  
Printed by *Iohn Windet* for  
*Edward Blunt.* 1606.



*Eugenia, A Widow, and a Noble Ladie.*

*Hippolita, { Ladie-virgine, and Companions to Eugenia.*

*Penelope,*

*Wynnfred, gentleman to Eugenia.*

*Monford, A Noble Man, unkle to Eugenia.*

*Clarence, Gentleman, friend to Monf.*

*Fowler ether, a french affected Travayler, & a Captaine.*

*Sir Giles Goosecap: a foolish knight.*

*Sir Cuthbert Rudsloe, a bliant knight.*

*Sir Clement Kingcob, a knight.*

*Lord Tales.*

*Lord Furnsfall.*

*Bullaker, a french Page.*

*Jack Pages*

*Will*



TO THE  
AMERICAN







SIR GYLES GOOSE-  
CAPPE, KNIGHT.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA

*Enter Bullaker with a Torche.*

*Bullaker.*

**H**is is the Countesse *Eugenia's* house I thinke, I can neuer hit of theis same English Cittie howses, tho I were borne here: if I were in any Cittie in Fraunce, I could find any house there at midnight,

*Enter Iacke, and Will.*

*Iack.* Theis two strange hungrie knights (*Will*) make the leanest trenchers that euer I waited on.

*Will.* A plague on them *Iack*, they leaue vs no fees at all, for our attendance, I thinke they vse to sett their bones in siluer they pick them so cleane, see, see, see *Iack* whats that?

*Iack.* A my worde (*Will*) tis the great Baboone, that was to be seene in Southwarke.

*Will.* Is this he? gods my life what beastes were we, that we wood not see him all this while, neuer trust mee if hee looke not somewhat like a man, see how pretely hee holds the torche in one of his forefeete, wheres his keeper trowe, is he broke loose?

*Iack.* Hast euer an Apple about thee (*Will*) weele take him vp sure, we shall get a monstrous deale of mony with him.

TO THE  
AMBROSIAD

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Vvil.* That we shall fash boy, and looks thou here, heres a red cheek apple to take him vp with.

*Ia.* Excellent fit a my credit, lets lay downe our pro-  
uant, and to him.

*Bul.* Ile see them alone a while.

*Ia.* Giue me the apple to take vp Lacke, because my  
name is Lacke.

*Vvil.* Hold thee Lacke, take it.

*Ia.* Come Lacke, come Lacke, come Lacke.

*Bul.* I will come to your Sir, Ile Lacke ye a my worde,  
Ile Lacke ye.

*Vvil.* Gods me he speakes Lacke, O pray pardon vs Sir.

*Bul.* Out ye *mopode monckies* can yet not knowe a  
man from a *Marmusett*, in theis Frenchified dayes of  
ours: nay ile Lacke ye you a little better yet.

*Ia.* Nay good Sir, good Sir, pardon vs.

*Bul.* Pardon vs, out ye home-bred peasants, plain eng-  
lish, pardon vs, if you had parled, & not spoken, but said  
*pardonne moy*, I woud haue pardon'd you, but since you  
speake, and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet.

*Ambro.* O pardonne moy monseieur.

*Bul.* *Bien de vous remercie*, there's pardonne pour vous Sir now.

*Will.* Why I thanke ye for it Sir, you seeme to bee a  
Squire of our order Sir.

*Ia.* Whose page might you be Sir.

*Bul.* I am now the great French Traualers page.

*Will.* Or rather the French Traualers great page, Sir, on, on

*Bul.* Hight Captaine Fouleweather, alias Comenda-  
tions; whose valours within here at super with the Cou-  
tes *Eugenia*, whose propper eaters I take you two to be.

*Will.* You mistake vs not Sir.

*Ia.* This captain Fouleweather, alias Comendations  
(*Will.*) is the gallat that wil needs be a sutor to our Couites

*Will.* Faith and if Fouleweather be a welcome suter to  
a faire *Zadie*, has good lucke,

*Ia.* O Sir, beware of one that can showre into the  
lapps of Ladies, Captaine Fowleweather? why hees a

Capinado







*Sir Gyles Goscappe.*

Captinado, or Captaine of Captaines, and will lie in their ioyntes that giue him cause to worke vpon them, so heauylie, that hee will make their hartes ake I warrant him; Captaine Fowleweather? why hee will make the cold stones sweate for feare of him, a day or two before he come at them. Captaine Fowleweather? why he does so dominere, and raigne ouer women.

*Will* A plague of Captaine Fowleweather. I remeber him now *Jack*, and know him to be a dull moist braind Ass.

*Ia.* A Southerne man I thinke.

*Will* As fearefull as a Hare, & a will lye like a Lapwing, & I know how he came to be a Captain, & to haue his Surname of Commendations.

*Ia.* How I preethee *Will*?

*Will* Why Sir he serued the great Ladie Kingcob, and was yeoman of her wardroppe, & because a cood brush vp her silkes lustely, she thought hee would curry the enemies coates as soundly, and so by her commendations, he was made Captaine in the lowe Countries.

*Ia.* Then being made Captaine onely by his Ladies commendations, without any worth also of his owne, he was euer after surnamde Captaine Commendations?

*Will* Right.

*Bul.* I Sir right, but if he had not said right, my Captaine shoulde haue taken no wrong at his hardes, nor yours neither I can tell ye.

*Ia.* What are those two Knights names, that are thy captaines *Comrades*, and within at supper with our Lady?

*Bul.* One of their names Sir, is, Sir Gyles Goscappe, the others Sir *Cutt. Rudseby*.

*Will* Sir Gyles Goscappe whats he a gentleman?

*Bul.* I that he is at least if he be not a noble man, and his chiefe house is in Essex.

*Ia.* In Essex? did not his Auncestors come out of Londō

*Bul.* Yes that they did Sir, the best Goscappes

*Sir Gyles Goofecappe:*

in England, comes out of London I assure you,

*Vvil* I but Sir these must come into it before they come out ont I hope, but what countryman is Sir *Curt. Rudeby*?

*Bul.* A Northern man, or a VVestern mā I take him, but my Cap:aine is the Emphaticall man; and by that pretty word Emphaticall you shall partly know him; for tis a very forcible word in troth, & yet he forces it too much by his fauour; mary no more then he does all the rest of his wordes; with whose multiplicitic often times he trauailes himsele out of all good company.

*Iack* Like enough; he trauaild for nothing else.

*Vvil* But what qualities haunt Sir *Gyles Goofecap* now Sir?

*Bul.* Sir *Gyles Goofecap* has alwayes a deathes head (as it were) in his mouth, for his onely one reason for euery thing is, because wee are all mortall; and therefore hee is generally cald the mortall knight; then hath he another prettie phrase too, and that is, he will tickle the vanitie ant still in euery thing, and this is your *Summa totalis* of both their virtues.

*Ia.* Tis enough, tis enough, as long as they haue land enough, but now muster your thirde person afore vs I beseech you,

*Bul.* The thirde person and second knight blunt Sir *Curt. Rudeby*, is indeed blunt at a sharpe wit, and sharpe at a blunt wit; a good buxtling gallant talkes well at Rouers; he is so parts souldier, as slouenlie as a Switzer, and somewhat like one in face too; for he weares a bush beard wil dead a Cannon shott better then a woolpacke: hee will come into the presence like yor Frenchman in foule bootes; and dares eate garlik as a prepraetive to his Courtship; you shall knowe more of him hereafter; but good wags let me winne you now, for the Geographicall parts of your Ladies in requitall.

*Wit* That you shall Sir, and the Hydrographical too and you will; first my Ladie the widowe, and Countes

*Engenia,*





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Pygmalion*, is in earnest, a most worthy Ladie, and indeede can doe more then a thousand other Ladies can doe I can tell ye.

*Bul.* Whats that I pray thee?

*Iack.* Mary Sir, he meanes she can do more then sleep, and eat and drinke; and play at nobby, and helpe to make hir selfe reddie.

*Bul.* Can she so?

*Will.* She is the best scholler of any woman but one in England, she is wise and vertuous,

*Ia.* Nay shee has one strange qualitie for a woman besides, tho' these be strange enough that hee has rekoned.

*Bul.* For Gods sake whats that?

*Ia.* She can loue reasonable constantly, for she loued her husband only, almost a whole yeere together.

*Bul.* Thats strange indeed, but what is youre faire Ladie Sir?

*Ia.* My Ladie Sir, the Ladie *Hippolita*.

*Will.* That is as chaste as euer was *Hippolitus*.

*Ia.* (True my prettie *Parenthestis*) is halfe a maid, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe.

*Bul.* Strange tale to tell; howe canst thou make this good my good *Assumpst*.

*Ia.* Thus Sir, she was betroathed to a galiant young gentleman that loude hir with such passion and admiration that he neuer thought he could bee so blessed as to enioy her in full marriage, till the m<sup>rs</sup> was marrying them, and euen then when he was saying I *Charles* take thee *Hippolita*; with extreame ioy he began to looke pale, then going forwardes saying to my wedded wife, he lookt paler; and then pronouncing, for richer for poorer as long as we both shall liue, he lookt extreame pale; Now sir when she comes to speake her parte, and said, I *Hippolita* take thee (*Charles*), hee began to faint for ioy, then saying to my wedded husband, hee began to sinke, but then going forth too for better for worse, he could

*Sir Gyles Gascoape.*

coude stand no longer but with verie conceit it seems  
that shee whome hee tendred as the best of all things,  
shoulde pronounce the worst, and for his sake  
too, hee suncke downe right, and died sodenly: And  
thus being halfe married, & her halfe husband wholly  
dead, I hope I may with discretion affirme her, halfe a  
maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe; do ye conceiue  
me Sir?

*Bul.* O Lord Sir, I deuoure you quicke, and now Sir I  
beseech you open vnto me your tother Ladie; what is  
shee?

*Will.* Ile answere for her, because I know her Ladiship  
to be a perfect maide indeed.

*Bul.* How canst thou know that?

*Will.* Passing perfectly I warrant ye.

*Ia.* By measuring her necke twice, and trying if it will  
come about hir forehead, and slyp ouer her nose?

*Will.* No Sir no, by a rule that wil not slip so I warrant  
you, which for hir honours sake I wil let slip vnto you,  
gods so Iack, I thinke they haue supt.

*Ia.* Bir Ladie we haue waited wel the while.

*Will.* VVell though they haue lost their attendance,  
let not vs lose our Suppers Iack,

*Iack.* I doe not meane it, come Sir you shall goe in and  
drinke with vs yfaith.

*Bul.* Pardonne moy mounseur.

*both.* No pardoning in trueth Sir,

*Bul.* Ic mercy de-bon Ceur.

*Enter Gascoape Rudesby Foulweather Eugenia.*

*Hippol. Penelope Wymc.*

*Rud.* A plague on you sweete Ladies, tis not so late,  
what needed you to haue made so short a supper.

*Goof.* In truth Sir *Curr.* we might haue tickled the va-  
nitie ant, an howre longer if my watch be trustible.

*Foul.* I but how should this bewties knowe that Sir  
*Gyles?* your watch is mortall, and may erre,

*Goof.*







*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Go.* Thats sooth Captain, but do you hear honest friēd, pray take a light, and see if the moone shine, I haue a Sunne diall will resolue presently.

*Fo.* Howsoeuer belieue it Ladies, tis vnwholesome, vn-courtlie, vnpleasant to eate hastelic, & rise sodainly, a mā can shew no discourse, no witt; no stirring, no varietie, no prettie conceits, to make the meate goe down

*Eu. Winnesfred.*

(emphatically)

*Win.* Madam.

*Eu.* I prethie goe to my vnkle the Lord *Momford*, and intreat him to come quicken our eares with some of his pleasant Spirit; This same *Fowleweather* has made me so melanchollie, prethie make haste.

*Win.* I will madam.

*Exit.*

*Hip.* VVe will bid our guests good night madam, this same *Fowleweather* makes me so sleepeie.

*Pen.* Fie vppon it, for Gods sake shut the Casements, heres such a fullsome aire comes into this chamber; in good faith madame you must keepe your house in better reparations, this same *Fowleweather* beats in so filthily.

*Eng.* Ile take order with the Porter for it Ladie, good night gentlemen.

*Ru.* VVhy good night & be hagd, & youl needsbe gon.

*Goos.* God giue you good night madams, thanke you for my good cheere, weele tickle the vanitie ant, no longer with you at this time, but ile indite your La: to supper at my lodging one of these morning; and that ere long too, because we are all mortall, you know.

*Eu.* Light the Ladie *Penelope*, and the Ladie *Hippolita* to their chambers, good night faire Ladies.

*Hip.* Good night madam, I wish you may sleepe well after your light supper.

*Eng.* I warrant you Ladie I shall neuer betroubled with dreaming of my Fréch Suter.

*Exeunt*

*Ru.* VVhy how now my Fréchified captain *Fowleweather*? by gods ludd thy Surname is neuer thought vpo here, I perceine heeres no bodie giues thee any comendations.

*Fo.* VVhy this is the vntrauaild rudnes of our grosse Eng-

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

lesh Ladies now; would any French Ladie vse a man thus thinke ye? be they any way so vnciuil, and fulsome? they say they weare fowle smockes, and course smockes, I say they lie, and I will die int.

*Rud.* I, doe so, pray thee, thou shalt die in a very honorable cause, thy countries generall quarrell right.

*Fowl.* Their smockes quoth you? a my worde you shal take them vp so white, and so pure, so sweet, so Emphaticall, so moouing.

*Rud.* I marry Sir, I think they be continually mouing.

*Fowl.* But if their smockes were Course or foule.

*Rud.* Nay I warrant thee thou carest not, so thou wert at them.

*Fowl.* S'death they put not all their virtues in their smockes, or in their mockes, or in their stewde cockes as our Ladies doe.

*Rud.* But in their stewde pox, theres all their gentilitic.

*Goof.* Nay good Sir *Cutt.* doe not agrauate him no more.

*Fowl.* Then are they so kinde, so wise, so familiare so noble, so sweet in entertainment, that when you shal haue cause to descourse or sometimes to come neererl them; if your breath bee ill, your teeth ill, or any thing about you ill, why they will presently breake with ye, in kind sort, good termes, pretty experiments, and tell you plaine this; thus it is with your breath Sir, thus it is with your teeth, thus is your disease, and this is your medicine.

*Goof.* As I am true mortall Knight, it is most superlatiuelly good, this.

*Fowl.* Why this is Courtly now, this is sweete, this plaine, this is familiar, but by the Court of France, our peuisse dames are so proud, so precise, so coy, so disdainfull, and so subtile, as the *Pomonean* Serpent, *mort dien* the Punck of Babilon was neuer so subtile.

*Rud.* Nay doe not chafe so Captaine.

*Fowl.* Your





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Foul.* Your Frenchman wood euer chafe *Sir Curt.* being thus moude.

*Rud.* VVhat? and play with his beard so.

*Foul.* I and brystle, it dothi expresse that passion of anger very full and emphaticall.

*Goof.* Nay good knight if your French wood brystle, lethim alone, introth our Ladies are a little too coy and subtill Captaine indeed.

*Foul.* Subtle *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*? I assure your Soule, they are as subtill with their suters, or loue, as the Latine Dialect where the nominatiue Case, and the verbe, the Substantiue, and the Adiectiue, the verbe, and the verbe, stand as far a sunder, as if they were perfect strangers one to another; and you shall hardly find them out, but then learne to Construe, and perse them, and you shall find them preparad, and acquainted, & agree together, in Case, gender, and number.

*Goof.* I detest *Sir Curt.* I did not thinke hee had bin halfe the quintissence of a schooller he is.

*Foul.* Slydd theres not one of them truely emphaticall.

*Goof.* Yes He ensure you Captaine, there are many of them truely Emphaticall but all your French Ladies are not fatt? are they Sir?

*Foul.* Fatt Sir, why doe yee thinke Emphaticall is fatt *Sir Gyles*?

*Rud.* Gods my life brother knight, didst thou thinke so? hart I know not what it is my self. but yet I neuer thought it was fatt, He be sworne to thee.

*Foul.* Why if any true Courtly dame had had but this new fashioned sute, to entertaine any thing in differently stuffed, why you thould haue had her more respectiue by farre.

*Rud.* Nay theres some reason for that Captaine, me thinks a true woman shoul d perpetually doate vppon a new fashion.

*Foul.* VVhy y'are i'thright *Sir Curt.* *In noua fert Anis  
mus mutatas discre formas.* tis the mind of man, and woman

*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

man to affect new fashions; but to our Mynfacures for sooth, if he come like to your *Besognio*, or your bore, so he bee rich, or emphaticall, they care not; would I might neuer excell a dutch Skipper in Courtshippe, if I did not put distaste into my cariage of purpose; I knew I should not please them. *Lacquay? allume le torche.*

*Rud.* Slydd, heres neither Torch, nor *Lacquay* me thinks,

*Foul.* *O mou deu.*

*Rud.* O doe not sweare Captaine.

*Foul.* Your Frenchman euer sweares Sir *Cmt*, vpon the lacke of his *Lacquay* I assure you.

*Goof.* See heere he comes, and my Ladies two pages, they haue bin tickling the vanitie ont yfaith.

SCÆNA TERTIA.

*Enter to them Iack Bullaker, Will.*

*Ia.* Captaine Fowleweather, my Ladie the Countesse *Eugenia* commends hir most kindly to you, and is determined to morrowe morning earely if it be a frost to take her Coach to *Barnet* to bee nipt where if it please you, to meet her, and accompany her homewarde, ioyning your wit with the frost, and helpe to nippe her. She does not doubt but tho you had a sad supper, you will haue a ioyfull breakefast.

*Foul.* I shall indeed my deare youth.

*Rud.* Why Captaine I abusd thee, I see: I said the Ladies respected thee not, and now I perceiue the widowe is in loue with thee.

*Foul.* Sblood knight I knew I had strucke her to the quicke, I wondred shee departed in that extrauagant fashion: I am sure I past one *Passado* of Courtship vpon her, that has hertofore made a lane amongst the French Ladies like a Culuering Shot, He be sworne; and I think Sir *Gyles* you saw how she fell vnder it.

*Goof.* O as cleare as candlelight, by this day-light.

*Rud.* O good knight a the post, heele sweare any thing.

*Will.* The other two Ladies commend them no lesse kindly to you two knights too; & desire your worships wood meete them at *Barnet* ith morning with the Cap-

*Foul.* *Goof.* *Rud.* O good Sir. (taine)







*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

*Goof.* Our worships shal attend their Ladiships thether.

*Ia.* No Sir *Gyles* by no meanes, they will goe priuately thether, but if you will meet them there.

*Rud.* Meet them, weele die fort, but weele meet them.

*Foul.* Lets goe thether to night knights, and you bee true gallants.

*Rud.* Content.

*Ia.* How greedely they take it in Sirra.

*Goof.* No it is too farre to goe to night, weele bee vp betimes ith morning, and not goe to bedd at all.

*Foul.* Why its but ten miles, & a fine cleere night *S. Gyles*

*Goof.* But ten miles? what doe ye talke Captaine?

*Rud.* VVhy doost thinke its any more?

*Goof.* I, Ile laie ten pounds its more then ten mile, or twelue either.

*Rud.* VVhat to *Barnet*?

*Goof.* I, to *Barnet*?

*Ru.* Slidd, Ile laie a hūdrē pouūd with thee, if thou wilt.

*Goof.* Ile laie fūe hundred, to a hundred, Slight I will not be outborne with a wager, in that I know, I am sure it was foure yeares agon ten miles thether, and I hope tis more now, Slidd doe not miles growe thinke you, as well as other *Animals*.

*Ia.* O wise Knight!

*Goof.* I neuer Innd in the Towne but once, and then they lodged me in a Chamber so full of theise *Ridiculus Fleas*, that I was faine to lie standing a' night, and yet I made my man rise, and put out the candle too, because they should not see to bite me.

*Foul.* A prettie proiect.

*Bul.* Intruth Captaine if I might aduise you, you should tarrie, and take the morning afore you.

*Foul.* How? *O mon Dieu*, how the villaine *poillronne*, dishonours his trauail? you *Buffony Mouckroun*, are you so mere rude, and English to aduise your Captaine?

*Ru.* Nay I prethle *Fouleweather* be not tēpetteous with thy poore Lacquay.

*Foul.* Tēpetteous Sir *Cut*, will your Frenchman thinke you, suffer his Lacquay to aduise him? *Ge, O God*

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Go.* O God you must take heed Lacquy how you aduise  
yourcaptain; your French Lacquay would not haue donit.

*Fowl.* He would haue bin poxt first: *Allume le torché,*  
sweet pages commend vs to your Ladies; say wee kisse  
their white handes, and will not faile to meette them:  
knights which of you leades?

*Goof.* Not we Sir, you are a Captaine, and a leader.

*Rud.* Besides, thou art commended for the better man,  
for thou art very Commendations it selfe, and Captaine  
Commendations.

*Fowl.* VVhy, what tho I be Captaine Commendati-  
ons?

*Rud.* VVhy and Captain commendations, is hartie?  
commendations, for Captaines are hartie I am sure, or  
else hang them,

*Fowl.* VVhy, what if I bee hartie Commendations,  
come, come, sweete knights leade the way.

*Rud.* O Lorde Sir, alwaies after my hartie Commen-  
dations.

*Fowl.* Nay then you conquer mee with president, by  
the Aurenticall forme of all Iustice letters, *Allown.*

*Exeunt.*

*Ia.* Heres a most sweet Gudgeon swallowed, is there  
not?

*Will* I but how will they digest it thinkest thou? when  
they shall finde our Ladies not there?

*Ia.* I haue. vaunt-Curriing deuise shall make them  
digest it most healthfully. *Exeunt.*

SCÆNA QVARTA.

*Enter Clarence Musicians.*

*Cl.* VVorke on sweet loue, I am not yet resolu'd  
T exhaust this troubled Spring of yanities  
And nurse of perturbations, my poore life,  
And therefore since in euery man that holds  
This being deare, there must be some desire  
VWhose power to enioy his obiect may so maske

*End of the*

*The*





*Sir. Gyl. Ony. 177.*

The Iudging part that in her radiant eyes  
His estimation of the world may seeme  
Vpright, and worthy, I haue chosen loue  
To blind my Reason with his mistie handes  
And make my estimatiue power beleieue  
I haue a proiect worthy to imploy  
VVhat worth so euer my whole man affordes:  
Then sit at rest my Soule, thou now hast found  
The ende of thy infusion, in the eyes  
Of thy diuine *Eugenie* looke for heauen.

*Cl.* Thanks gentle friends *A song to the Violls.*  
is your good Lord and mine, gon vp to bedd yet?

*Enter Mansford.*

*Mow.* I do assure ye not Sir, nor yet, nor yet, my deep,  
and studious triend, not yet musicall *Clarence.*

*Cl.* My Lord?

*Mow.* Nor yet, thou sole deuider of my Lordshippe.

*Cl.* That were a most vnfit diuision  
And farre aboue the pitche of my lowe plumes  
I am your bold and constant guest my Lord.

*Mow.* Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long  
Almost theis twentie yeares, and halfe those yeares  
Hast bin my bedfellow; long time before  
This vnscene thing, this thing of nought in d  
Or *Atome* cald, my Lordshippe shinde in me  
And yet thou makst thy selfe as little boy.  
To take such kindnes, as becomes the Age  
And truth of our indissolable loze  
As our acquaintance sprong but yesterday  
Such is thy gentle and too tender Spirit.

*Cl.* My Lord, my want of Courtship makes me feare  
I should be rude, and this my meane estate  
Meetes with such enuie, and detraction  
Such misconstructions, and resblud misdoomes  
Of my poore worth, that should I be aduaunc'd

Beyonde

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

Beyond my vnscene lowenes, but one haire  
I should be torne in peeces with the Spirits  
That flye in ill-lungd tempests through the world,  
Tearing the head of vertue from her shoulders  
If she but looke out of the ground of glorie.  
Twixt, whome, and me, and euery worldlie fortune  
There fights such sowre, and Curst *Antipathy*  
So waspishe, and so petulant a Starre,  
That all things tending to my grace or good  
Are rauisht from their obiect, as I were  
A thing created for a wildernes  
And must not thinke of any place with men.

*Mom.* O harke you Sir, this waiwarde moode of yours  
must systed be, or rather rooted out,  
youle no more musick Sir?

*Cl.* Not now my Lord,

*Mom.* Begon my masters then to bedd, to bedd.

*Cl.* I thanke you honest friends *Exeunt Musicians.*

*Mo.* Hence with this book, & now *Mounseieur Clarence*,  
methinks plaine & prote friendship would do excellent  
well betwixt vs comethus Sir, or rather thus, come Sir  
tis time I trowe that we both liu'd like one bodie, thus,  
and that both our sides were sit, and Concorporat  
with *Organs* fit to effect an indiuiduall passage euen for  
our very thoughts; suppose wee were one bodie now,  
and I charge you beleuee it; whereof I am the hart, and  
you the liu'r.

*Cl.* Your Lordship might well make that diuision: if  
you knew the plaine song.

*Mom.* O Sir, and why so I pray?

*Cl.* First because the heart, is the more worthy en-  
traile, being the first that is borne, and moues, and the  
last that moues, and dies; and then being the fountaine  
of heate too, for wherefoeuer our heate does not flowe  
directly from the hart to the other *Organs*, there, their  
action must of necessitie cease, and so without you I ne-  
ther would nor could liue.

*Mom*







*Si, Giles Goosecappe.*

*Mom.* VVel Sir for these reasons I may be the heart,  
why may you be the liuer now?

*Cl.* I am more then ashamde, to tell you that my  
Lord.

*Mom.* Nay may be not too suspitious of my iudgemēt,  
in you I beseech you; a shau'd friend? if your loue ouer-  
come not that shame, a shame take that loue I saie.

Come sir why may you be the liuer?

*Cl.* The plaine and short truth is (my Lord) because  
I am all liuer, and tournd louer.

*Mom.* Louer?

*Cl.* Louer yfaith my Lord.

*Mom.* Now I prethee let me leape out of my skin for  
ioy why thou wilt not now reuiue the sociable mirth  
of thy sweete disposition? wilt thou shine in the world a  
new? and make those that haue sleighted thy loue, with  
the Austeritie of thy knowledge, doate on the againe  
with thy commaunding shaft of their humors?

*Cl.* A las my Lord they are all farre out of my aimes;  
and onely to fit my selfe a little better to your friend-  
shippe, haue I giuen these wilfull raynes to my affec-  
tions.

*Mom.* And yfaith is my sower friend to all worldlie  
desires ouerraken with the hart of the world? Loue I  
shall be monstrous proud now, to heare shees euerie  
way a most rare woman that I know thy spirit, & iudge-  
ment hath chosen, is she wise? is she nobl? is she capa-  
ble of thy vertues? will she kisse this forehead with iudi-  
ciall lipps? where so much iudgement & vertue deserues  
it? Come brother Twinn, be short I charge you, & name  
me the woman.

*Cl.* Since your Lordship will shorten the length of  
my follies relation, the woman that I so passionatelic  
loue, is no worse Ladie then your owne Neece, the too  
worthie Countesse *Eugenia*.

*Mom.* VVhy so, so, so, you are a worthie friend are  
you not to conceale this loue-mine in your head, and

would not open it to your hart, now be shrow my hart, if my hart dance not for ioy tho my heeles do not, & they doe not, because I will not let that at my heeles that my friends sets at his hart, what? friend and Nephews both? nephew is a far inferior title to friend I confesse, but I will preferre thee backwards (as many friends doe) & leaue their friends woorse then they found them,

*Cl.* But my noble *L.* it is almost a prodegie, that I being onely a poore Gentleman and farre short of that state and wealth that a Ladie of her greatnesse in both will expect in her husband.

*Mom.* Hold thy doubt friend, neuer feare any woman, vnlesse thy selfe be made of strawe, or some such drie matter, and she of lightning, *Audacitie* profpers aboue probabilitie in all worlde matters, dost not thou knowe that Fortune gouernes them without order, and therefore reason the mocher of order is none of her counsaile, why should a man desiring to aspire an vnreasonable creature which is a woman? seeke her fruition by reasonable meanes, because thy selfe buidles vppon reason, wilt thou looke for congruitie in a woman? why? there is not one woman amongst one thousand, but will speake false Latine, and breake *Priscians* head, attempt nothing that you may with great reason doubt of, and out of doubt you shall obtaine nothing, I tell thee fr. the eminent confidence of strong spirits is the onely witch-craft of this world, Spirits wrastring with spirits, as bodies with bodies this were enough to make thee hope well, if she were one of these painted communities, that are rauisht with Coaches, and vpper hands, and braue men of durt: but thou knowest friend shees a good scholler, and like enough to bite at the rightest reason, and reason euermore. *Ad optima hortetur:* to like that which is best, not that which is brauest, or richest, or greatest, and so consequently worst, But proue what she can, we will turne her, and winde her, and mak





*Sir Gyles Geefcappe.*

make her so plyant that we will draw her through a wedding ring yfaith.

*Cl.* Would to god we might my Lord,

*Mom.* Ile warrant thee friend,

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* here is mistris *Winnifred*; from my Lady *Eugenia* desires to speake with your Lordshippe.

*Mom.* Marrie enter mistris *Winnifred* euen here I pray thee, from the Ladie *Eugenia*, doe you heare friend?

*Cl.* Very easilie on that side my Lord.

*Mom.* Let me feele? does not thy heart pant apace, by my hart well labor'd *Cupid*, the field is yours sir God, and vppon a verie honourable composition, I am sent for now I am sure, and must euen trusse and to het:

*Enter Winnifred.*

wittie mistris *Winnifred*, nay come neere woman, I am sure this Gentleman thinks his chamber the sweeter for your sweet presence.

*Win.* My absence shall thanke him my Lord.

*Mom.* VVhat rude Mistris *Winnifred*? nay faith you shall come to him, and kisse him, for his kindnesse.

*Win.* Nay good my Lord, Ile neuer goe to the market, for that ware I can haue it brought hōe to my dore.

*Mom.* O *Winnifred*, a man may know by the market-folkes how the market goes.

*Win.* So you may my Lord, but I knowe fewe Lords that thinke scoorne to go to that market theselues.

*Mom.* To goe to it *Winnifred*, nay to ride to it yfaith.

*Win.* Thats more then I knowe my Lord.

*Mom.* Youle not belieue it then tili you are a horse-backe, will ye? (heare it?)

*Win.* Come, come, I am sent of a message to you wil you

*Mom.* Stoppe, stoppe faire *Winnifred*, would you haue audience so soone, there were no state in that yfaith; this faire gentlewoman sir.

*Win.* Now we shall haue a fiction, I belciue.

*Mom.* Had three Suiters at once.

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Win.* Youle leaue out none my Lord.

*Mom.* No more did you *Winnifred* you enterferde with them all in truth,

*Win.* O Monstrous Lord by this light!

*Mom.* Now Sir to make my tale short I will doe that which she did not; vz. leaue out the two first, the third comming the third night for his turne.

*Win.* My Lord, my Lord, my *Ladie* does that, that no bodie else does, desires your companie and so fare you well.

*Mom.* O stay a little sweet *Winnifred*, helpe me but to trusse my pointes againe, and haue with you.

*Win.* Not I by my truth my Lord, I had rather see your horse about your heeles, then I would helpe you to trusse a point.

*Mom.* O wittie *Winnifred* for that Iest, take thy passport, and tell thy *Ladies* thou leftst me with my horse about my heeles.

*Win.* Well, well my Lord you shall sit till the mosse grow a bout your heeles, ere I come at you againe. *exit.*

*Mom.* She cannot abide to heare of her three Suiters; but is not this verie fit my sweete *Clarence*? Thou seest my rare Neece cannot sleep without me; but for thy company sake, she shall to night; and in the morning I will visit her earely; when doe thou but stand in that place, and the maiest chance heare, (but art sure to see) in what subtil and farre-fetcht manner he solicite her about thee.

*Cl.* Thanks worthie Lord, *exiunt.*

*Fins. Alas Primit*

ACTVS SECVNDI SENA PRIMA

*Clarence Solus.*

*Cl.* I That haue studied with world's, korning thoughts  
the ware of heauen, and how trow heauen is reacht







*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

To know how mightie, and how many are  
The strange affections of inchaunted number  
How to distinguish all the motions  
Of the Celestiall bodies, and what powre  
doth seperate in such forme this massie Rownd:  
VVhat is his Essence, Efficacies, Beames?  
Footesteps, and Shadowes? what Eternelles is  
The world, and Time, and Generation?  
VVhat Soule, the worldes Soule is? what the blacke  
And vnreueald Originall of Things, (Springes  
VVhat their perseuerance? what is life and death,  
And what our Certaine Restauration?  
Am with the staid heads of this Time imployd  
To watch withall my Nerues a Female shade.

*Enter Wynnesfred, Anabell, with their sewing workes  
and sing: After their song Enter  
Lord Momford.*

*Mom.* VVitty Mistresse Wynnesfred, where is your  
Countesse I pray?

*Wyn.* Faith your Lordship is bould enough to leeke  
her out, if she were at her vrinall?

*Mom.* Then Sh'as done it seemes, for here she comes  
to saue mee that labour, away wenches, get you hence  
wenches.

*Excu*

*Eu.* VVhat, can you not abide my maides vrr?

*Mom.* I neuer could abide a maid in my life Neece, but  
either I draw away the maid, or the maidenhead with a  
wet finger.

*Eu.* You loue to make your selfe worse then you are still.

*Mom.* I know fewe mend in this world, Madam, For  
the worse the better thought on, the better the worse  
spoken on euer amongst women.

*Eu.* I wonder where you haue binne all this while with  
your sentences.

*Mom.* Faith where I must be again presently. I can-  
not stay long with you my deere Neece.

*Eng. By*

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Eu.* By my faith but you shall my Lorde, Gods pittie what wil become of you shortly, that you driue maids afore you, & offer to leaue widowes behind you, as man-kindelie, as if you had taken a surfet of our Sex lately, and our very sight turnd your stomacke.

*Mom.* Gods my life, She abuses her best vnckle; neuer trust mee if it were not a good reuenge to helpe her to the losse of her widowhead.

*Eu.* That were a reuenge and a halfe, indeed.

*Mom.* Nay were but a whole reuenge Neece, but such a reuenge, as wouide more then obserue the true rule of a reuenge.

*Eu.* I know your rule before you vtter it, *Misere Inimico sed sine tuo incommodo.*

*Mom.* O rare Neece, you may see, what tis to bee a scholler now, Learning in a woman is like waight in gold, or Luster in Diamants, which in no other Stone is so rich or refulgent

*Eu.* But say deere Vnckle how could you finde in your heart to stay so long from me?

*Mom.* VVhy alas Neece, y'are so smeard with this willfull-widdowes-three-yeeres blacke weede, that I neuer come to you, but I dreame of Courtes, and Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the night after, and therefore dew decree Neece.

*Eu.* Beshrew my hearte my Lorde, if you goe theis three houres.

*Mom.* Three houres? nay Neece, if I daunce attendance three hours (alone in her chamber) with any Lady so neere alideto me, I am verie idle iasith, matie with such an other; I wouide daunce, one, two, three, foure, and fise, tho it cost me tenne shillings; and now I am in haue at it, my head must deuise something while my feet are pidling thus, that may bring her to some fit consideration of my friend, who indeed is only a great scholler, and all his honours, and riches lie in his mind.

*Eu.* Come, Come, pray tell me vnckle, how does my  
cosen





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

cofen *Momford*?

*Mom.* Why, well, verie well Neece, & fois my friend  
*Clarence* well too, & then is there a worthie gentleman *He daunceih*  
well as any is in England I can tell ye. *speaking*

*Eng.* But when did you see my Cosen?

*Mom.* And tis pittie but he should do well, and he shall  
do well too, if all my wealth will make him well.

*Eng.* What meanes hee by this tro? your Lo: is  
verie dancitiue methinkes.

*Mom.* I, and I could tel you a thing would make your  
Ladiship verie dancitiue, or else it were verie dunsatiue  
yfaith. O how the skipping of this Christmas blocke of  
ours mones the blockhed heart of a womā? & indeed  
any thing that pleaseth the foolish eye which presently  
runnes with a lying tale of Excellencē to the mind.

*Eng.* But I pray tell me my Lord could you tell me of  
a thing would make me dance say you?

*Mom.* Wel, fare well sweet Neece I must needs take  
my leauē in earnest.

*Eng.* Lord blesse vs, heres such a stir with your farewels.

*Mom.* I wil see you againe within these two or three  
dayes a my word Neece.

*Eng.* Gods pretious, two or three dayes? why this  
Lord is in a maruailous strange humor. Sit downe sweet  
Vnckle, yfaith I haue to talke with you about greate  
matters.

*Mom.* Say then deere Neece, bee shorte w<sup>th</sup> your  
mind quickly now.

*Eng.* But I pray tell me first, whats that would make  
me daunce yfaith?

*Mom.* Daunce, what daunce? hetherto your daun-  
cers legges bow for-sooth, and Caper, and Ierke, and  
Firke, and dandle the bodie aboute them, as it were their  
great childe; though the speciall Ierker bee aboute this  
place I hope, here lies that shudd fetch a perfect  
woman over the Coles yfaith.

*Eng.* Nay good Vnckle say what the thing you  
could

*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

could tel me of.

*Mom.* No matter, no matter: But let mee see a passing prosperous forehead of an exceeding happie distace betwixt the eye browes; a cleere lightning eye; a temperate and freshe bloud in both the cheekes; excellent markes, most excellent markes of good fortune.

*Eng.* VVhy, how now Vnckle did you neuer see mee before?

*Mom.* Yes Neece; but the state of these things at this instant must bee specially obserued, and these outward signs being now in this cleere eleuation, shewe your vntroubled mind is in an excellent power, to preferre them to act forth then a litle deere Neece.

*Eng.* This is excellent.

*Mom.* The Creses here are excellent good; The proportion of the chin good; the little aptnes of it to sticke out; good. And the wart about it most exceeding good. Neuer trust me, if all things bee not answerable to the predictiō of a most diuine fortune towards her; uow if shee haue the grace to apprehend it in the nicke; thers all.

*Eng.* VVell my Lorde, since you will not tell me your secret, ile keepe another from you; with whose discouerie, you may much pleasure mee, and whole concealement may hurt my estate. And if you bee no kinder then to see mee so indangered; ile bee very patient of it I assure you.

*Mom.* Nay then it must instantly foorth. This kind coniuration euen fires it out of me; and (to be short) gather all your Iudgment together, for here it comes. Neece; *Clarence Clarence*, rather my Soule then my friend *Clarence* of too substantiall a worth, to haue any figures cast about him, (notwithstanding, no other woman with Empires could stirre his affections) is with your vertues most extreemely in loue; and without your requital dead. And with it Fame shall found this golden disticke through the world of you both.







Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

*Non illo melior quisquam nec amantior equi  
Vir fuit, aut illa reuerentior ulla Dearum.*

*Eug.* Ay me poore Dame, O you amase me Vnckle,  
Is this the wondrous fortune you presage?  
VVhat man may miserable women trust?

*Mom.* O peace good Ladie, I come not to ravishe  
you to any thirg. But now I see how you accept my mo-  
tion: I perceiue (how vpon true triall) you esteeme me.  
Haue I ridd al this Circuite to leuie the powers of your  
Iudgment, that I might not prouue their strength too  
sodainly with so violent a charge: And doe they fight it  
out in white bloud. And shoue me their hearts in the  
soft Christall of teares.

*Eug.* O vnckle you haue wounded your selfe in charg-  
ing me that I should shun Iudgement as a monster, if it  
woulde not weepe; I place the poore felicitie of this  
worlde in a woorthie friende, and to see him so vnwor-  
thely reuolted, I shedd not the teares of my Brayne, but  
the teares of my soule. And if euer nature made teares  
the effects of any worthie cause, I am sure I now shedde  
them worthelie.

*Mom.* Her sensuall powers are vp yfaith, I haue thrust  
her soule quite from her Tribunall. This is her *Sedes va-  
cans* when her subjects are priueledged to l'uell against  
her, and her friends. But weeps my kind Neece for the  
wounds of my friendshippe? and I toucht in friendship  
for wishing my friende doubled in her singular happi-  
nesse?

*Eug.* How am I doubld? when my honour, and good  
name, two essentiall parts of mee, woulde bee lesse, and  
lost?

*Mom.* In whose Iudgment?

*Eug.* In the iudgment of the world.

*Mom.* Which is a fooles boult. *Nihila virtute nec a  
viritate remotius quam Vulgaris opinio*: But my deate Neece,

*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

It is most true that your honour and good name tendered as they are the species of truth are worthilie two essentiall parts of you; But as they consist only in ayrie titles and corruptible blood (whose bitternes *sanitas et non nobilitas officii*) and care not how many base and execrable acts they commit, they touch you no more then they touch eternitie. And yet shal no nobilitie you haue in either, be impaired neither.

*Eu.* Not to marrie a poore gentleman?

*Mom.* Respe& him not so; for as he is a gentleman he is noble; as he is welthilie furnished with true knowledge, he is rich and therein adorn'd with the exactest complements belonging to euerlasting noblenesse.

*Eng.* Which yet will not maintaine him a weeke; Such kinde of noblenesse giues no cotes of honour nor can scarce gette a cote for necessitie.

*Mom.* Then is it not substantiall knoweledge (as it is in him) but verball and fantastickall for. *Omnia in illa illo complexu tenet.*

*Eng.* Why seekes he me then?

*Mom.* To make you ioynt partners with him in all thinges, and there is but a little partiall difference betwixt you, that hinders that vniuersall ioynture: The bignesse of this circle held too neer our eye keeps it frō the whole sheare of the Sunne; but could we sustaine it indifferently betwixt vs and it, it would then without checke of one beame appeare in his fulnes.

*Eng.* Good Vnckle be content for now shall I neuer dreame of contentment.

*Mom.* I haue more then done Ladie, and had rather haue suffer'd an alteration of my being then of your Iudgement; but (deere neece) for your owne honour sake repaire it instantly.

*Enter Hippolita, Penelope, Jack, Will.*

See heere comes the Ladies; make an Aprill day one deare loue and be sodainely cheerefull.





*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

full God saue you more then faire Ladies, I am lad  
your come, for my busines will haue me gone gre-  
sently.

*Hip.* VVhy my Lord *Monsford* I say? wil you goe be-  
fore dinner?

*Mom.* No remedie sweete *Bewties*, for which rude-  
nesse I lay my hands thus lowe for your pardons:

*Per.* O Courteous Lord *Monsford*!

*Mom.* Necesse? *Mens est qua sola quietos.*  
*Sola facit claros mentemque honoribus ornat. exis*

*Eng.* *Verus honos luanat at mendax infamia serret.*

*Mon.* Mine owne deare nephew?

*Cl.* VVhat successe my Lord?

*Mom.* Excellent; excellent; come Ile tell thee  
all. *excunt*

*Hip.* Doe you heare madam, how our youthes here  
haue guld our three suiters?

*Eng.* not I Ladie, I hope our suiters are no fit meat  
for our Pages.

*Pe.* No madam, but they are fit sawce for anie  
mans meat Ile warrant them.

*Eng.* VVhat's the matter *Hippolita*?

*Hip.* They haue sent the knightes to *Barnet* madam  
this frostie morning to meete vs their.

*Eng.* If true youths, are knightes fit subiects. or your  
knaueries?

*Wil.* Pray pardon vs madam, we would be glad to  
please anie body.

*Ia.* I indeed madam and we were sure we plea'd the  
highly to tell the you were desirous of their companie.

*Hip.* O twas good *Eugenia*, their liuers were too hot,  
you know, and for temper sake they mult needes haue  
a cooling carder plaid vpon them.

*Wil.* And besides madam we wood haue them knowe  
that your two little Pages, which are lesse by halfe  
them

*Sir Cylis Goosecappe.*

then two leaves, have more learning in them then is in  
all their three volumes.

*Ia.* I faith *Will*, and putt their great pagicall index to  
them too.

*Hip.* But how will ye excuse your abuses wags?

*Will.* We doubt not madam, but if it please your La-  
diship to put vp their abuses,

*Ia.* Trusting they are not so deere to you, but you  
may.

*Will.* Wee shall make them gladly furnishe their poc-  
kets with them.

*Hip.* VVell, children, and foules, agree as you will,  
and let the world knowe now, women haue nothing to  
doe with you.

*Pe.* Come madam I thinke your dinner bee almost  
readie.

*Enter Tales Kingcob.*

*Hip.* And see, here are two honorable guesstes for you,  
the Lord *Tales*, and Sir *Cutberd Kingcob*.

*Ta.* Lacke you any guesstes madam?

*Eu.* I my Lord such guesstes as you.

*Hip.* Theres as common an answere, as yours was a  
question my Lord.

*King.* VVhy: al things shoold be comon betwixt Lords,  
and Ladies you know.

*Pen.* Indeed Sir *Cutberd Kingcob*, I haue heard, you  
are either of the familie of *Loue*; or of no religion at all?

*Eng.* Wee may well be said to be of the family of *Loue*,  
he does so slowe in the loues of poore ouerthrowne La-  
dies.

*King.* You speake of that I wood doe madam, but in  
earnest, I am now suing for a newe mistres; looke in my  
hand sweet Ladie, and tell mee what fortune I shall haue  
with her.

*Eng.* Doe you thinke me a witch, Sir *Cutberd*?

*King.* Pardon mee Madam, but I know you to bee  
learn'd in all thinges.

*Eng.* Come on lets see.

*Hip.* He







*Hip.* He does you a special favour *Ladie*, to giue you his open hand; for it is commonly shut they say.

*King.* VVhat find you in it madam?

*Eng.* Shut it now, and it will tell yee.

*King.* VVhat now *Ladie*?

*Eng.* Youe the worst hand that euer I saw knight haue, when tis open; one can find nothing in it, and when tis shut one can get nothing out out.

*King.* The age of letting goe is past madam, wee must not now let goe, but strike vp mens heeles, and take am as they fall.

*Eng.* A good Cornish principle belieue it *Sir Cuttberd.*

*Tales.* But I pray tell me *Ladie Penelope*, how entertain'd you the loue of my Cosen *Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Pen.* Are the *Goosecapps* a kin to you my Lord?

*Ta.* Euen in the first degree madam. And *Sir Gyles* I can tell yee, tho he seeme something simple, is compos'd of as many good parts as any knight in England.

*Hip.* He should be put vp for concealement then, for he shewes none of them.

*Pen.* Are you able to reckon his good parts my Lord?

*Ta.* He doe the best I can *Ladie*, first, hee daunces as comely and lightly as any man, for vpon my honour, I haue seene him daunce vpon Egges, and a has not broken them.

*Pen.* Nor crackt them neither.

*Ta.* That I know not, indeed I wood bee 'oath, to lie though he be my kinsman, to speake more then I know by him.

*Eng.* VVell forth my Lord.

*Ta.* He has an excelēt skil in al maner of perfumes, & if you bring him gloues frō fortie pence, to forty Shillings a paire he will tell you the price of them to two pence.

*Hip.* A prettie sweet qualitie belieue me.

*Tales.* Nay *Ladie* hee will perfume you gloues himselfe; most delicately, and giue t hem the right Spanish Titillation.

*Pen.* Titillation

**T**itillation whats that my Lord?

*Tal.* VVhy Ladie tis a pretty kinde of terme newe come vp in perfuming, which they call a Titillation.

*Hip.* Very well expounded my Lord; forth with your kinsmans parts I pray.

*Tal.* Hee is the best Sempster of any woman in England, and will worke you needle worke edgings, and French purles from an Angell to foure Angells a yearde.

*Eng.* Thats pretious ware indeed.

*Tal.* He will worke you any flower to the life, as like it as if it grewe in the verie place, and being a delicate perfumer, hee will giue it you his perfect and naturall sauer.

*Hip.* This is wonderful; forth sweet Lord *Tales.*

*Tal.* He will make you flies and wormes, of all sortes most liuely, and is now working a whole bed embrodred, with nothing but glowe wormes; whose lightes a has so perfectly done, that you may goe to bed in the chamber, doe any thing in the Chamber, without a Candie.

*Penc.* Neuer trust me if it be not incredible; forth my good Lord.

*Tal.* Hee is a most excellent Turner, and will turne you wassel-bowles, and posset Cuppes caru'd with Libberdes faces, and Lyons heades with spoutes in their mouthes, to let out the posset Ale, most artificially.

*Eng.* Fort! good Lord *Tales.*

*Penc.* Nay good my Lord no more, you haue spoken for him thoroughly. I warrant you.

*Hip.* I lay my life *Cupid* has shot my sister in loue with him out of your lipps my Lord.

*Eng.* VVel, come in my Lords, and take a bad dinner with me now, and wee will all goe with you at night to a better supper with the Lord, and Ladie *Furnisfall.*

*King. Tale.* VVe attend you honorable Ladies.

*Exeunt.*

ACTVS





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

ACTVS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA.

*Enter Rudestby Goosecappe.*

*Rud. Bullaker.*

*Bul. I Sir.*

*Rud. Ride and catch the Captaines horse.*

*Bul. So I doe Sir.*

*Rud. I wonder Sir Gyles you wood let him goe for,  
and not ride after him.*

*Goof. VVood I might neuer be mortall Sir *Cutt:* if  
I ridd not after him, till my horse sweat, so that he had  
nere a drie thread on him, & hollod & hollod to him to  
stay him, till I had thought my fingers ends wood haue  
gon off with hollowings; He be sworn to ye & yet he ran  
his way like a *Diogenes*, and would neuer stay for vs.*

*Rud. How shall wee doe to get the lame Captaine to  
London, now his horse is gone?*

*Goof. Why hee is but a lame Iade neither Sir *Moyle*,  
we shal soone our take him I warrant ye.*

*Rud. And yet thou saist thou gallopst after him as  
fast as thou coodst, and coodst not Catch him; I lay  
my life some Crabfish has bitten thee by the tongue,  
thou speakest so backward still.*

*Goof. But heres all the doubt Sir *Cutt:* nobo-  
die shoold catch him now, when hee comes at London;  
some boy or other wood get vppe on him and ride  
him hotte into the water to washe him; He bee  
sworne I followed one that ridd my horse into the  
Thames, till I was vppe tooth knees hetherto; and  
if it had not beene for feare of going ouer shoos,  
because I am troubled with the rheume, I wood  
haue taught him to washe my horse when hee was  
hott yfath;*

*Enter Foul.*

*how now sweet Captain dost feele any easin thy payne  
yet?*

Eaf<sup>c</sup>

*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

*Rud.* Ease in his paine quoth you, has good lucke if he feele ease in paine I thinke, but wood any asse in the world ride downe such a hill as Highgate is, in such a frost as this, and neuer light.

*Foul.* Gods pretious Sir *Cut.*, your Frenchman neuer lights I tell ye.

*Goof.* Light Sir *Cut.*, Slight and I had my horse again, theres nere a paltrie English frost an them all stood make me light.

*Rud.* Goe too you French Zanies you, you wil follow the french steps so long, till you be not able to set one Sound Steppe oth ground all the daies of your life.

*Goof.* Why Sir *Cut.* I care not if I be not sound so I be well, but we were iustly plangde by this hill, for following women thus.

*Foul.* I and English women too sir *Gyles.*

*Rud.* Thou art still prating against English women I haue seene none of the French dames I confesse, but your greatest gallants, for men in *Fraunce*, were here lately I am sure, and methinkes there should be no more difference betwixt our Ladies and theirs, then there is betwixt our Lordes and theirs, and our Lordes are as farr beyond them yfaith, for person, and Courtshippe, as they are beyond ours for phantasticallitic.

*Foul.* O Lord sir *Cut.*, I am sure our Ladies hold our Lords tak for Courtshippe, and yet the french Lords put them downe, you noted it sir *Gyles.*

*Goof.* O God sir, I stud and heard it, as I sat ith presence.

*Rud.* How did they put them downe I pray thee?

*Foul.* Why for wit, and for Courtshippe Sir *Moile.*

*Foul.* As how good lefthandedd *Francois.*

*Foul.* VVhy Sir when *Monsieur Lambcis* came to your mistris the *Ladie Hippalita* as she fate in the presence, sitt downe here good Sir *Gyles Goofecappe*, hee kneeld me by her thus Sir, and with a most queint French *starte* in his speech of ah *bellissime*, I desire to die now faies hee for  
your







*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

in his speech of ah *bellesime* I desire to die now saies he  
for your loue that I might be buried here,

*Rud.* A good pick-thacht complement by my faith;  
but I prethee what answer'd she.

*Foul.* She, I scorne to note that I hope then did he  
vie it againe with an other hah.

*Rud.* That was hah, hah, I wood haue put the third  
hah to it, if I had been as my mitris, and hah, hah, hah  
him out of the presence yfaith,

*Foul.* Hah saies he, theis faire eyes, I wood not for a  
million they were in *Fraunce*, they wood renewe all our  
cuill-wars againe.

*Goose.* That was not so good me thinkes captaine.

*Rud.* Well iudgd yfaith, there was a little wit in that  
I must cōfesse, but she put him down far, & answered him  
with a questiō & that was whether he wood seem a louer  
or a iester, if a louer a must tel her far more lykeliier  
then those, or else she was far frō belieuing thē, if a iester,  
she cōd haue much more ridiculous iests then his of  
twenty fooles that followed the court, and told him she  
had as liue be courted with a brush faggot as with a  
frēchman, that spēt it selfeal in sparks, & would sooner-  
fire ones chimney then warme the house, and that such  
sparks were good enough yet to set thatcht dispositiōs  
a fire, but hers was tild with sleight, and respēd thē  
as sleightly.

*Goose.* VVhy so Captaine, and yet you rain of your  
great frenchmen, to God little England had neuer  
knowne them I may say.

*Foul.* VVhat's the matter sir *Giles*, are you out of  
loue with frenchmen now of a sodaine.

*Goose.* Slydd captaine VVood not make one,  
He be sworne, He be sworne, they tooke away  
a mastie dogge of mine by commission now, I  
thinke on't makes my teares stand in my eyes  
with greese, I had rather lost the dearest friend  
that euer I lay withal, in my life be this light, neuer sir if

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

if hee fought not with great *Seberfon* foure hours to one,  
oremoste take vp hindmoste, and tooke so many loaves  
from him, that hee sterud him presently: So at last the  
dogge cood doe no more then a Beare cood doe, and the  
beare being heauie with hunger you know, fell vppon  
the dogge, broke his backe, and the dogge neuer stird  
more.

*Rud.* Why thou saist the frenchmentooke him away.

*Goof.* Frenchmen, I, so they did too, but yet and hee  
had not bin kild, twood nere a greend me.

*Foul.* O excellent vnitie of speach.

*Enter Will and Iacke at severall doores.*

*Will* Saue ye knights.

*Ia.* Saue you Captaine.

*Faul.* Pages, welcome my fine pages.

*Rud.* Welcome boyes.

*Goof.* Welcome sweet *Will*, good *Iacke*,

*Foul.* But how chaunce you are so farre from London  
now pages, is it not almost dinner time.

*Will.* Yes indeed Sir, but we left our fellowes to wait for  
once, and cood not chuse in pure loue to your worships,  
but we must needs come and meet you, before you mett  
our Ladies, to tell you a secrete.

*Omnes.* A secrete, what secrete I pray thee?

*Ia.* If euer your worships say any thing, we are vndone  
for euer.

*Omnes.* Not for a world beleue it.

*Will.* Why then this it is, wee ouerheard our Ladies  
as they were talking in priuate say they refusde to meet  
you at *Barnet* this morning of purpose, because they  
wood try which of you were most patient.

*Ia.* And some said you, *Sir Gyles*, another you *Sir*  
and the third you *Captaine*.

*Om.* This was excellent.

*Will.* Then did they sweare one another not to excuse  
themselues to you by any meanes, that they might trie  
you the better, now if they shal see you say nothing in the  
world.





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

worlde to them, what may come of it, when Ladies be-  
gin to trie their suters once, I hope your wisdomes can  
iudge a little.

*Foul.* O ho my little knave let vs alone now yfaith,  
wood I might be Casheird, if I say any thing.

*Rud.* Faith and I can forbear my Tongue as well as  
another: I hope.

*Goof.* V Vood I might be degraded if I speake a word,  
Ile tell them I care not for loosing my labour.

*Foul.* Come knights shall we not reward the pages?

*Rud.* Yes I prettice doe, Sir Gyles giue the boyes  
something.

*Goof.* Neuer stirre Sir *Emr.* if I haue euer a groat about  
me but onethree pence.

*Foul.* V Vell knights ile lay out fors all, here my fine  
pages.

*Will.* No in deed ant please your worshippe.

*Foul.* O pages refuse a gentlemans bountie.

*Ia.* Crie you mercy Sir, thanke you sweete Cap-  
taine

*Foul.* And what other newes is stirring my fine villa-  
cos.

*Will.* Marrie Sir they are inuited to a greate supper to  
night to your Lords house Captaine, the Lord *Farnisall*,  
and there will bee your great cosen Sir Gyles *Goosecappe*,  
the Lorde *Tales*, and your vnckle Sir *Curr. Ri esby*, Sir  
*Cuibert Kingcob*.

*Foul.* The Lord *Tales*, what countriman is hee?

*Ia.* A kentish Lord Sir, his auncestors came forth off  
Canterburie.

*Foul.* Out of Canterburie.

*Will.* I indeed Sir the best *Tales* in England are your  
Canterburie *tales*, I assure ye.

*Rud.* the boy tels thee true Captaine.

*Ia.* Hee writes his name Sir, *Tales*, and hee being the  
tenth sonne his father had; his father Christ-  
ned him *Decentales*, and so his whole name is the

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Lord Decem Tales.

Goof. A my mortallitie the boy knowes more then I doe of our house.

Rud. But is the Ladie Furnisfall (Captaine) still of the same drinking humor she was wont to be.

Foul. Still of the same knight, and is neuer in any sociable vaine till she be typsie, for in her sobrietic she is madd, and feares my good little old Lord out of all proportion.

King. And therefore as I hear he will earnestly inuite guesstes to his house, of purpose to make his wife drunk, and then dotes on her humor most prophancly.

Foul. 'Tis very true knight; wee will suppe with them to night; and you shall see her; and now I thinke out, ile tell you a thing knights, wherein perhaps you may exceedingly pleasure me.

Goof. VVhats that good Captain,

Foul. I am desirous to helpe my Lord to a good merrie Foole, & if I cood help him to a good metry one, he might doe me very much credit I assure ye.

Rud. Sblood thou speakest to vs as if wee cood serue thy turne.

Foul. O Francke Sir Curt: your Frenchman wood not haue taken me so for a world, but because Fooles come into your companies many times to make you merrie.

Rud. As thou doost.

Goof. Nay good Sir Curt: you know fooles doe come into your companies.

Rud. I and thou knowst it too, no man better.

Foul. Beare with Choller Sir Gyles.

Will. But wood you helpe your Lord to a good foole so faine Sir.

Foul. I my good page exceeding faine.

Ja. You mean a wench, do you not Sir, a foolish wench?

Foul. Nay I wood haue a man foole, for his Lord: page.

Will. Does his Lord: loue a foole, so wel I pray.

Foul. Aflure thy !elke page, my Lord loues a foole as







*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

he loues himselfe.

*Ia.* Of what degree wood you haue your Foole Sir, for you may haue of all maner of degrees.

*Foul.* Faith I wood haue him a good Emphaticall foole, one that wood make my Lorde laugh well, and I carde not,

*Will.* Laugh well (vm) then wee must know this Sir, is your Lorde Costiue of laughter, or laxatiue of laughter?

*Foul.* Nay he is good merrie little Lorde, and indeed something Laxatiue of Laughter.

*Will.* Why then Sir the lesse witt will serue his Lordships turne, marrie if he had bin Costiue of laughter, hee must haue had two or three drams of witt the more in his foole, for we must minister according to the quantity of his Lord: humor you know, and if he shood haue as much Witt in his foole being Laxatiue of laughter, as if hee were Costiue of Laughter, why he might laugh himsele into an *Epilepsie*, and fall down dead sodainly, as many haue done with the extremitie of that passion; and I know your Lord cares for nothing, but the health of a foole.

*Foul.* That it is right my notable good page.

*Ia.* Why, and for that health Sir we will warrant his Lordship, that if he should haue all *Bacon de seruise tuenda* reade to him, it shood not please his Lordship so well as our foole shall.

*Foul.* Remercy my more then English pages.

*Goof.* A my word I haue not scene pages haue so much witt, that haue neuer bin in Fraunce Captain.

*Foul.* Tis true indeed Sir *Gyles*, well then my almost french Elixers will you helpe my Lord to a foole, so fitt for him as you say.

*Will.* As fitt, Ile warrant you Captain, as if he were made for him, and hee shall come this night to supper, and foole where his Lord: sits at table.

*Foul.* Excellent fitt, faile not now my sweet pages.

*Ia.* Not

*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

*Ia.* Not for a world sir, we will goe both, and seeke him presently.

*Foul.* Doe so my good waggies

*Wil.* Saue you knights.

*Ia.* Saue you Captaine.

*Exeunt.*

*Foul.* Farewell my prettie knaues, come knights, shall we resolve to goe to this Supper?

*Rud.* VVhat else.

*Goof.* And let's prouide torches for our men to sit at dore withall captaine.

*Foul.* That we will I warrant you sir *Giles.*

*Rud.* Torchies; why the Moone will shine man.

*Goof.* The moone Sir *Cut:* I scorne the moone yfaith, Slydd sometimes a man that not get her to shine & if he wood giue her a couple of Capons, and one of them must be white too, God for giue me I cud neuer abide her since yesterday, she seru'd me such a trick tother night.

*Rud.* VVhat trick sir *Gyles?*

*Goof.* VVhy sir *Cut:* cause the daies be mortall and short now you knowe, and I loue daie light well; I thought it went awaie faster then it needed, and run after it into *Finsburie*-fieldes ith calme evening to see the winde-mills goe; & euen as I was going ouer a ditch the moone by this light of purpose runnes me behind a cloud, and lets me fall into the ditch by heauen.

*Rud.* That was ill done in her in deed sir *Giles.*

*Goof.* Ill done sir *Cut:* Slydd a man may beare, and beare, but and she haue noe more good manners, but to make euery black slouely cloude a pearle in her eye I shall nere loue English moone againe; while I liue I be-sworne to ye.

*Foul.* come knights to London horse, horse, horse.

*Rud.* In what a case he is with the poore English moone, because the french moones (their torches) will be





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

be the lesse in fashion, and I warrant you the Captaine will remember it too, tho hee say nothing, he seconds his resolute chafeso and followes him, He lay my life you shall see them the next cold night, shut the moonshine out of their chambers, and make it lie without doores all night. I discredit my witt with their companies now I thinke on't, plague a god on them; He fall a beating on them presently...

*Exit.*

*Enter Lorde Mansford and Clarence.*

*Clarence Horatio.*

*Cla.* Sing good *Horatio*, while I sigh and write.  
According to my master *Platos* minde  
The Soule is musick, and doth therefore ioy  
In accents musicall, which he that hates  
VVith points of discorde is together tyed  
And barks at *Reason*, Consonant in sence.  
Diuine *Eugenia*, beares the ocular forme  
Of musicke and of *Reason*, and presents  
The Soule exempt from flesh in inflam'd,  
Who must not loue hir then, that loues his soule?  
To her I write, my friend, the starre of friends  
VVil needs haue my strange lines greet her strange eies  
And for his sake he powre my poore Soule forth  
In floods of Irkey, but did not his kind hand  
Barre me with violent grace, I wood consume.  
In the white flames of her impassionate Loue  
Ere my harsh lipps shood vent the odorous blaze,  
For I am desperate of all worldly Ioyes  
And there was neuer man so harsh to men;  
VVhen I am fullest of digested life  
I seeme a liuelesse *Embriou* to all  
Each day rackt vp in nightlike Funerall,  
Sing good *Horatio*, whilst I sigh and write.

*Canto.*

*The*

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

The Letter.

Suffer him to loue that suffers not louing, my loue is  
without passion and therefore free from alteration.

Prose is too harsh, and verse is poetrie  
VVhy should I write then merrit clad in Inke  
Is but a mourner, and as good as naked  
I will not write my friend shall speake for me  
Sing one staue more my good *Horatio*.

Canto.

I must remember I knowe whom I loue,  
Adame of learning, and of life exempt  
From all the Idle fancies of her sex,  
And this that to an other dame wood seeme  
Perplext and clouded in a rude kisse vaile  
Will be more cleere then ballads to her eye  
Ile write, if but to satisfie my friend.  
Your third staue sweet *Horatio* and no more.

Canto.

How vainely doe I offer my strange loue?  
I marrie, and bid states, and entertaine  
Ladies with tales and iests, and Lords with newes  
And keepe a house to feast *Aleons* hounds  
That eate their maister, and let ydell guests  
Drawe me from serious search of things diuine  
To bid them sit, and welcome, and take care  
To sooth their palats with choyce kytchin-stuff  
As all must doe that marrie and keepe house  
And then looke on the left sid of my yoake  
Or on the right perhaps and see my wife  
Drawe in a quite repugnant course from me  
Bused to starch her french purles, and her puffs

When I am in my *Anima reflexa*  
*quid sit felicitas, qua origo rerum?*  
And make theie beings that are knowne to be  
The onely serious objects of true men  
Seeme shadowes, with substanti all stir she keepes  
About her shadowes, which if husbands loue

the







*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

They must believe, and thus my other selfe  
Brings me another bodie to dispose  
That haue already much too much of one,  
And must not looke for any Soule of her  
To helpe two rule to bodies.

*Mom.* Fie for shame,

I neuer heard of such an antedame.  
Doe women bring no helpe of soule to men?  
VVhy friend they either are mens soules themselues  
Or the most wittie Imitatrixes of them  
Or prettiest sweet apes of humane Soules,  
That euer Nature fram'd; as I will proue.  
For first they be *Substantia lucida*  
And purer then mens bodies like their soules,  
VVhich mens harsh haire both of their brest & chinne  
Occasiond by their grosse and ruder heate  
Plainely demonstrates: Then like soules they doe,  
*Mouere corpora*, for no power on earth  
Moues a mans bodie, as a woman does!  
Then doe they *Dare formas corpori*  
Or adde faire formes to men, as their soules doe:  
For but for women, who wood care for formes?  
I vowe I neuer wood washe face, nor hands  
Nor care how ragg'd, or slouenlic I went  
VVer't not for women, who of all mens prmpes  
Are the true finall causes: Then they make  
Men in their Seedes imortall like their Soules  
That els wood perish in a spanne of time.  
Oh they be Soulelike-Creatures, and my Neece  
The Soule of twentie rare Soules stild in one.

*Cl.* That, that it is my Lord, that makes me loue.

*Mom.* Oh are ye come sir, welcome to my Neece  
As I may say at midnight gentle friend  
What haue you wrott I pray?

*Cl.* Strange stuffe my Lord.

*Mom.* Indeed the way to believe is to loue  
And the right way to loue is to believe,

*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

This I will carry now with pen and Incke  
For her to vie in answers, see, sweet friend  
She shall not stay to call, but while the Steele  
Of her affection is made softe and hott,  
He strike and take occasion by the browe.  
Blest is the wooing thats not long a dooing. *Exit.*

*Cl.* Had euer man so true, and noble friend?  
Or wood men thinke this sharpe worlds freezing Aire  
To all true honour and iudiciall loue.  
VVood suffer such a flourishing pync in both  
To ouerlook the boxe-trees of this time?  
VVhen the learnd mind hath by impulsion wrought  
Her eyes cleere fire into a knowing flame.  
No elementall smoke can darken it  
Nor Northen coldnes nyppe her *Daphnean* flower.  
O sacred friendshippe thanks to thy kind power  
That being retir'd from all the faithles worlde  
Appearst to me in my vworldly friend,  
And for thine owne sake let his noble mind  
By mouing presedent to all his kind  
(Like iust *Democriton*) of earths stonie bones  
Repaire the world with humane bloud and flesh  
And dying vertue with new life refresh. *Exit.*

## ACTVS QVARTVS.

*Enter Talus, Kingcob, Eugenia, Hippelita, Penelope, Wimsfred.*

*King.* Tis time to leaue your Chests Ladies tis too  
studious an exercise after dinner.

*Tal.* Why is it cal'd Chests?

*Hip.* Because they leane vpon their Chests thae  
play at it.

*Tal.* I wood haue it cal'd the strife of wittes, for tis a  
game so wittie, that with strifs for maisterie, wee hunt it  
eagerly.

*Eng.* Specially.





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Eng* Specially where the wit of the *Goosecapps* are in chase  
my Lord.

*Tal.* I am a *Goosecappe* by the mothers side madam, at  
least my mother was a *Goosecappe*.

*Pen.* And you were her white sonne, I warrant my  
Lord.

*Tal.* I was the yongest *Ladie*, and therefore must be  
her white sonne ye know, the youngest of tenne I was.

*Hip.* And the wisest of Fifteene.

*Tal.* And sweet *Ladie* will ye cast a kindeye now  
vpon my Cousin, *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*.

*Pen.* Pardon my Lord I haue neuer a spare eye to cast  
away I assure ye.

*Tal.* I wonder you shood Count it cast away *Ladie*  
vpon him, doe you remember those fewe of his good  
partes I rehearse to you.

*Pen.* Verie perfectly my Lord, amongst which one of  
them was, that he is the best Sempster of any woman in  
England, pray lets see some of his worke.

*Hip.* Sweet Lord lets see him sowe a little.

*Tal.* You shall a mine honour *Ladie*.

*Eng.* Hees a goodly greate knight indeed; and a little  
needle in his hand will become him prettelic.

*King.* From the Spanish pike to the Spanish needle, he  
shall play with any knight in England *Ladie*.

*Eng.* But not *conuenso*, from the Spanish needle to  
the Spanish pike.

*King.* I thinke he be too wise for that indeed madam,  
for he has 20 miles length in land lies togeather, and  
hee wood bee loath to bring it all to the length of a  
pike.

*Hip.* But no man commends my blount Seruant, *Sir*  
*Cutts Rude* by methinks.

*King.* Hee is a kind gentleman *Ladie* though hee  
bee blunt, and is of this humor, the more you pre-  
sume vpon him without Ceremonie, the more

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

he loues you, if he knowe you thinke him kinde once and will say nothing but still vse him, you may melt him into any kindenesse you will; he is right like a woman, and had rather, you shood bluntlie take the greatest fauour you can of him, then shamefastly intreat it.

*Eug.* He saies wel to you *Hippolita*.

*Hip.* I madam, but they saie, he will beat one in Iest, and byte in kindenesse, and teare ones ruffes in Courtshippe.

*King.* Some that he makes sport withall perhappes, but none that he respects I assure ye.

*Hip.* And wha'ts his liuing *sir Cutbeard*?

*King.* Some two thousand a yeare *Ladie*.

*Hip.* I pray doe not tell him that I ask't, for I stand not vpon liuing.

*King.* O Good *Ladie* who can liue without liuing?

*Enter Mansford.*

*Mom.* Still heere *Lordings*? good companions yfaith, I see you come not for vittles.

*Tal.* Vittles, my Lord, I hope we haue vittles at home.

*Mom.* I but sweet *Lord*, there is a principle in the Politicians *Phisicke*, Eat not your meat vpon other mens trenchers, & beware of surfits of your owne coste manie good companions cannot abide to eate meate at home ye know. And how faires my noble Neece now, and her faire *Ladie Feeres*?

*Eug.* VVhat winde blowes you hether troe?

*Mom.* Harke you madam, the sweete gale of one *Clarences* breath, with this his paper sayle blowes me hether.

*Eug.* Aye me stil, in that humor? bestrowe my hart if I take anie Papers from him.

*Mom.* Kinde balsome doe thou take it then.

*Eug.* Nay.







*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

*Eng.* Nay then neuer trust me,

*Mom.* Let it fall then, or cast it awaie you were best, that euerie bodie may discover your loue suits, doe; theres sombodie neare if you note it, and how haue you spent the time since dinner nobles?

*King.* At chests my Lords,

*Mom.* Read it neece.

*Eng.* Heere beare it backe I pray.

*Mom.* I beare you on my backe to heare you; and how play the Ladies sir *Cushbert*, what men doe they play best withall, with knights or rookes?

*Tal.* With knights my Lord.

*Mom.* T'is pittie their boord is no broader, and that some men caled guls are not added to their game

*King.* Why my Lo. it needs not, they make the knights guls.

*Mom.* Thats pretty sir *Cushbert*, you haue begon I know Neece, forth I commaund you.

*Eng.* O yare a sweete vnckle.

*Mom.* I haue brought her a little *Greeke*, to helpe me out withal, and shees so coy of her learning for sooth she makes it strange: Lords, and Ladies, I inuite you al to supper to night, and you shal not denie me.

*All.* VVe will attend your Lordshippe.

*Tal.* Come Ladies let's into the gallerie a little.

*Mom.* And now what saies mine owne deare neece yfaith?

*Eng.* VVhat shood she saie to the backside of a paper.

*Mom.* Come, come, I knowe you haue byn a'the bellic side.

*Eng.* Now was there euer Lord so prodigall, of his owne honor'd blood, and dignity?

*Mom.* Away with these same horse-faire alligations, will you answere the letter?

*Eng.* Gods my life you goe like a cuning spokes man,  
man

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

man, answere vncke? what doe ye thinke me desperate  
of a husband

*Mom.* Not so neece, but carelesse of your poore vn-  
kle.

*Eug.* I will not write that's certaine.

*Mom.* VVhat wil you haue my friend and I perriish,  
doe you thirst our bloods?

*Eug.* O yare in a mightie danger noe doubt  
on't.

*Mom.* If you haue our bloods beware our ghostes. I  
can tell ye, come will ye write?

*Eug.* I will not write yfaith.

*Mom.* yfaith dame, then I must be your secretarie I  
see, heres the letter, come, doe you dictate and He  
write.

*Eug.* If you write no otherwise then I  
dictate, it will scarce proue a kinde answere I be-  
leeue.

*Mom.* But you will be aduis'de I trust. Secretaries  
are of counsaile with their countesses, thus it begins.  
Suffer him to loue, that suffers not louing, what answere  
you to that?

*Eug.* He loues extremely that suffers not in loue.

*Mom.* He answeres you for that presentlie, his loue  
is without passion, and therefore free from alteration,  
for *Pa.* you know is in *Alterationem labi*, he loues you  
in his soule he tels you, wherein there is no passion, saie  
dame what answere you.

*Eug.* Nay if I answere anie thing.

*Mom.* VVhy? verie well, ile answere for you.

*Eug.* You answere? shall I set my hand to your an-  
swere?

*Mom.* I by my faith shall ye.

*Eug.* By my faith, but you shal answere as I wood haue  
you then.

*Mom.* Alwaies put in with aduice of your secretarie,  
neece, come, what answere you?

*Eug.* Since





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Eng.* Since you needes will haue my Answer, Ie  
Answer briefly to the first, and last part of his letter;

*Mom.* Doe so Neece, and leaue the midst for him-  
selfe a gods name, what is your answere?

*Eng.* I cannot but suffer you to loue, if you do loue.

*Mom.* Why very good, there it is, and will requit  
your loue; say you so?

*He writes and  
she dictates.*

*Eng.* Beshrowe my lipps then my Lord.

*Mom.* Beshrowe my fingers but you shall; what, you  
may promise to requite his loue, and yet not promise  
him marriage I hope; wel, and will requite your loue.

*Eng.* Nay good my Lord hold your hand, for ile bee  
sworne, ile not set my hand too't.

*Mom.* VVell hold of your hand good madam till it  
shood come on, Ile be readie for it anon, I warrant ye;  
now forth, my Loue is without passion, and therefore  
free from alteration, what answere you to that madam?

*Eng.* Euen this my Lorde, your Loue being mentall,  
needes no bodely Requitall.

*Mom.* I am Content with that, and here it is; but in  
hart.

*Eng.* VVhat, but in hart?

*Mom.* Hold of your hand yet I say, I doe embrace  
and repaie it.

*Eng.* You may write vnckle, but if you get my hand  
to it,

*Mom.* Alas Neece, this is nothing, ist any thing to a  
bodely marriage, to say you loue a mā in<sup>o</sup> Soule if  
your harts agree and your bodies meet not? simple  
marriage rites, now let vs foorth: hee is in the way  
to felicitie, and desires your hand.

*Eng.* My hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicitie.

*Mom.* Very good, may not any woman say this now.  
Conclud now sweet Neece.

*Eng.* And so God prosper your Iourney.

*Mom.* Charitably concluded, though farre short of  
that loue I wood haue shoven to any friend of yours  
Neece

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

Neece I sweare to you, your hand now, and let this little stay his appetite.

*Eng.* Read what you haue writ my Lord.

*Mom.* What needs that madam, you remember it I am sure.

*Eng.* Well if it want sence in the Composition, let my secretarie be blam'd for't, theirs my hand.

*Mom.* Thanks gentle Neece, now ile reade it.

*Eng.* VVhy now, more then before I pray?

*Mom.* That you shall see strait, I cannot but suffer you to loue if you doe loue and wil requite your loue.

*Eng.* Remember that requital was of your own putting it, but it shal be after my fashion I warrant ye.

*Mom.* Interrupt me no more, your loue being mentoll needs no bodely requital, but in hart I embrace & repay it, my hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicitie, and my selfe knit with you in the bandes of marriage euer walke with you, in it, and so God prosper our iourney:

*Eugenia.*

*Eng.* Gods me life, tis not thus I hope.

*Mom.* By my life but it is Neece.

*Eng.* By my life but tis none of my deed then.

*Mom.* Doe you vse to set your hand to that which is not your deed, your hand is at it Neece, and if there be any law in England, you shall performe it too:

*Eng.* VVh, ythis is plaine dishonoured deceit, Does all your truest kindnes end in lawe?

*Mom.* Haue patience Neece, for what so ere I say Onely the lawes of faith, and thy free loue Shall ioyne my friend and thee, or naught at al, By my friends loue, and by this kisse it shall.

*Eng.* VVhy, thus did false *Acconius* snare *Cydippe*.

*Mom.* Indeed deere loue his wile was something like And then tis no vnheard-of trecherie That was enacted in a goddes Eye, *Acconius* worthie loue feard not *Diana*

Before







*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

Before whom he contriue this sweete deceite

*Eng.* VVell there you haue my hand, but ile besworne  
I neuer did thing so against my will.

*Mom.* T'will proue the better madam, doubt it not.  
And to allay the billows of your blood,  
Raife with my motion bold and opposite  
Deere neece suppe with me, and refresh your spirites.

I haue inuited your companions  
VVith the two guctts that dinde with you to daie,  
And will send for the old Lord *Furnisfall*  
The Captaine, and his mates and (tho at night)  
VVe will be merrie as the morning *Larke*.

*Eng.* No, no my Lord, you will haue *Clarence* there.

*Mom.* A las poore gentleman I must tell you now  
Hees extreame sicke, and was so when he writt  
Tho he did charge me not to tell you so,  
And for the world he cannot come abroade.

*Eng.* Is this the man that without passion loues

*Mom.* I doe not tell you he is sicke with loue,  
Or if he be tis wilfull passion.  
VVhich he doth choose to suffer for your sake  
And cood restraine his sufferance with a thought,  
Vppon my life he will not trouble you;  
And therefore worthie neece faile not to come.

*Eng.* I will on that condition.

*Mom.* Tis perform'd: for were my friend well and  
cood comfort me; I wood not now intreat your com-  
panie, but one of you I must haue, or I die, oh such a  
friend is worth a monarchie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord Furnisfall, Rudsie, Goose-  
cappe, Fowlweather, Bullaker.*

*Fur.* Nay my gallants I will tell you more.

*All.* Forth good my Lord:

*Fur.* The euening came and then our waxen stars  
Sparkled about the heavenly court of Eraunce,  
VVhen I then young and readiant as the sunne

Sir Gyles Gascoigne.

Gave luster to those lampes; and curling thus  
My golden foretoppe I set into the presence,  
Where set with other princely dames I found  
The Countesse of *Lancaster* and her neece  
Who as I told you cast to fix'd an eye  
On my behaiours; talking with the king;

*All:* They rose when I came in, and all the lights  
Burn'd dim for shame; when I stood vp and shind.

*Foul.* O most passionate description Sir *Cutts*:

*Rud.* True of a candles end.

*Goof.* The passingst description of a candle, that euer

liu'd Sir *Cutts*.

*Foul.* Yet I did not at them; nor seem'd to note

What grace they did me, but found courtly cause

To talke with an accomplisht gentleman

New come from *Italia*; on quest of newes;

I spake *Italian* with him.

*Rud.* What so young?

*Foul.* O rarissime volte cadono nel parlar nostro familiare.

*Foul.* Slidd, a good speake it knight, at three yeare old:

*Foul.* Nay gentle *Captaine* doe not set me forth

I loue it not, in truth I loue it not.

*Foul.* Slight my Lord but truth is truth you know.

*Goof.* I dare ensure your Lordship, Truth is truth, &  
I haue heard in *France*; they speake *French* as well,  
as their mother tongue my Lord.

*Foul.* Why tis their mother tonge my noble knight;  
But (as I tell you) I seem'd not to note

The Ladies notes of me, but held my talke,

with that *Italianate* Frenchman, and tooke time

(Still as our conference seru'd) to shew my Courtship

In the three quarter legge, and setled looke,

The quick kisse of the toppe of the forefinger

And other such employes of good Accost;

All which the Ladies tooke into their eyes

With such attention that their fauours (warnde

About





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

About my bosome, in my hatt, mine eares,  
In skarffes about my thighes, vpon mine armes,  
Thicke on my wrystes, and thicker on my hands,  
And still the lesse I sought, the more I found.  
All this I tell to this notorious end,  
That you may vse your Courtship with lesse care  
To your coy mistresses; As when we strike  
A goodly Sammon, with a little line  
VVe doe not tugge to hale her vp by force,  
For then our line wood breake, and our hooke lost;  
But let her carelesse play alongt the streame  
As you had left her, and sheele drowne her selfe.

*Foul.* A my life a most rich comparison,

*Goof.* Neuer stirre, if it bee not a richer Caparison,  
then my Lorde my Cosine wore at tilt, for that was bro-  
dred with nothing but mooneshine ith the water, and  
this has Samons in't; by heauen a most edible Capariso.

*Ru.* Odious thou woodst say, for Coparisons are odious.

*Foul.* So they are indeede sir *Cut:* all but my Lords.

*Goof.* Bee Caparisons odious Sir *Cut:* what like flow-  
ers?

*Rud.* O asse they be odorons.

*Goof.* A botts at that stincking worde odorons, I  
can neuer hitt on't.

*Fur.* And how like you my Court-counsaile gallats ha:

*Foul.* Out of all proportion excellent my Lord; & be-  
leeue it for Emphaticall Courtship, your Lordship puts  
downe all the Lords of the Court.

*Fur.* No good Captaine no. (Courtship.)

*Foul.* By Fraunce you doemy Lord for Emphaticall

*Fur.* For Emphaticall Courtship indeed I can doe  
somewhat.

*Foul.* Then does your merrie entertainment become  
you so festifally, that you haue all the brauetie of a Saint  
Georges day about ye when you vse it.

*Fur.* Nay thats too much in sadnes Captaine.

*Goof.* O good my Lord, let him prayse you, what so ere

G 2

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

It costs your Lordshippe.

*Foul.* I assure your Lordshippe your merrie behauiour does so festiually showe vpon you, that euery high holliday when Ladies woud bee most bewtifully euery one wishes to God shee were turnd into such a little Lord as you, when y'are merrie.

*Goof.* By this fire they doe my Lord, I haue heard am.

*Fur.* Marrie God for bid knight they shood be turnd into me; I had rather be turnd into them amine honor.

*Foul.* Then for your Lordships quippes, & quick iests, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them a my vertue

*Fur.* Well, well, well, I will heare thee no more, I will heare thee no more, good Captaine, Tha't an excellent witt, and thou shalt haue Crownes amine honour, and now knights and Captain, the foole you told me off, do you al know him?

*Goof.* I know him best my Lord.

*Fur.* Doe you Sir Gyles, to him then good knight, & be here with him, and here, and here, and here againe; I meane paint him vnto vs Sir Gyles, paint him liuely, liuely now, my good knightly boy.

*Goof.* Why my good Lord? hee will nere be long from vs, because we are all mortall you know.

*Fur.* Verie true,

*Goof.* And as soone as euer wee goe to dinner, and supper together,

*Rud.* Dinner and supper together, whens that troe?

*Goof.* A will come you in amongst vs, with his Cloake buttond, loose vnder his chinne.

*Rud.* Buttond loose my Lord?

*Goof.* I me Lord buttond loose still, and both the flaps cast ouer before, both his shoulders afore him.

*Rud.* Both shouldiers afore him?

*Fur.* From before him hee meanes, forth good Sir Gyles.

*Goof.* Like a potentate My Lord?

*Rud.* Much like a Potentate indeed.

*Goof.* For all the world like a Potentate S. Cur: ye know.

*Rud.* So







*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

*Rad.* So Sir.

*Goof.* All his beard nothing but haire,

*Cnd.* Or something else.

*Goof.* Or something else as you say.

*Foul.* Excellent good,

*Goof.* His Mellons, or his Apricocks, Orrenge al-  
waies in an vncleane hand-kerchiffe very cleanly I  
warrant you my Lord.

*Fur.* A good neate foole Sir Gyles of mine honour.

*Goof.* Then his fine words that hee sets them in, con-  
caticall, a fine Annisseede wenche foole vpon ticket  
and so forth.

*Fur.* Pasting strange wordes belieue me,

*Goof.* Knoth euery man at the table, though he neuer  
saw him before, by sight and then will he foole you so  
finely my Lorde, that hee will make your haire ake, till  
your eyes runne ouer.

*Fur.* The best that euer I heard, gray mercy good  
knight for thy merrie description, Captaine, I giue thee  
twentie companies of commendations, neuer to bee  
casheird.

*Enter Iacke and Will on the other side.*

*Am.* Saue your Lordship,

*Fur.* My prettie cast of *Merlins*, what prophecies  
with your little maisterhippes?

*Ia.* Things that cannot come to passe my Lord, the  
worse our fortunes.

*Foul.* Why whats the matter pages?

*Rad.* How now my Ladies foysting hounds.

*Goof.* M. *Jack*, M. *Iackes*, how do ye M. *William*, frolick?

*Will.* Not so frolicke, as you left vs Sir *Gyles*.

*Fur.* VVhy wags, what news bring you a Gods name.

*Ia.* Heauie newes indeed my Lord, pray pardone vs.

*Fur.* Heauie newes? not possible your little bodies  
cood bring am then, vnload those your heauie newes I  
beseech ye?

*Will.* VVhy my Lord the foole we tooke for your Lord:  
is thought too wise for you, and we dare not prefer him,

*Goof.* Slidd

*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

*Goof.* Slydd pages, youle not cheates of our foole wil ye?

*Ia.* VVhy sir *Giles*, hees too dogged and bitter for you in truth, we shall bring you a foole to make you laugh, and he shall make all the world laugh at vs.

*Will.* I indeed sir *Giles*, and he knowes you so wel too

*Giles* Knowe me slight he knowes me no more then the begger knowes his dish.

*Ia.* Faith he begs you to be content sir *Giles*, for he wil not come.

*Goof.* Begg me slight I wood I had knowne that, tother daie, I thought I had met him in Paules, & he had byn anie body else but a piller, I wood haue runae him through by heauen, begg me?

*Foul.* He begges you to be content sir *Giles*, that is, he praies you.

*Goof.* O does he praise me, then I commend him.

*Fur.* Let this vnfitable foole goe sir *Giles*, we will make shift without him.

*Goof.* That we wil a my word my Lord, and haue him too for all this.

*Will.* Doe not you say so sir *Giles*, for to tell you true that foole is dead.

*Goof.* Dead? Slight that cannot be man, I knowe he wood ha writ to me ont had byn so.

*Fur.* Quick or dead let him goe sir *Giles*.

*Ia.* I my Lord, for we haue better newes for you to harken after.

*Fur.* what are they my good Nouations?

*Ia.* My Lord *Momford* intreates your Lorchip and these knights and captaine to accompany the countesse *Eugenia*, and the other two Ladies at his house at supper to night.

*Will.* All desiring your Lo: to pardon them, for not eating your meat to night.

*Fur.* VVithall my hart waggas, and theirs amends; my harts, now set your courtshippe a'the last, a'the rainters, and pricke vp your selues for the Ladies.

*Goose.* O





*Sir Giles Goosecapp.*

*Goof.* O brauc sir *Curt.* come lets prick vp the Ladies:  
*Fur.* And wil not the knights two noble kinsemē be there?

*Ia.* Both will be their my Lord.

*Fur.* VVhy theres the whole knot of vs then, and there shall wee knocke vppe the whole triplicitie of your nuptials.

*Goof.* Ile make my Lord my Cosin speake for me.

*Foul.* And your Lordship will be for me I hope.

*Fur.* VVith tooth and naile Captaine, A my Lord.

*Rua.* Hang an Tytts ile pommell my selfe into an.

*Ia.* Your Lo: your Cosin *Sir Giles* has promist the Ladies they shall seee your sowe.

*Goof.* Gods mee, wood I might neuer be mortall if I doe not carry my worke with me.

*Fur.* Doe so *Sir Giles*, and withall vse meanes  
To taint their high blouds with the shafte of Loue;  
Sometimes a fingers motion woundes their minds;  
A iest, a Iecture, or a prettie laugh,  
A voyce, a present, ah, things done ith nick  
VVound deepe, and sure, and let flie your gold  
And we shall nuptials haue, hold belly hold.

*Goof.* O rare *Sir Curt.* we shall eate nut-shells.  
hold belly hold

*Exeunt.*

*Ia.* O pittifull knight, that kooves not nuptials from nutshells.

*Will.* And now *Comme porte vous monsieur?*

*Bull.* *Porte bien vous remercy.*

*Ia.* VVe may seee it indeed Sir, & you shall goe afore with vs.

*Bul.* No good *monsieurs.*

*Will.* Another Crashe in my Ladies Celler yfaith *monsieur.*

*Bul.* *Remercy de bon cœur monsieurs.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter.*

*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

*Euter Clarence Momford.*

(beames

*Mom.* How now my friend does not the knowing  
That through thy comon sence glaunce through thy eyes  
To reade that letter, through thine eyes retire  
And warme thy heart with a tryumphant fire?

*Mom.* My Lord I feele a treble happines  
Mix in one soule, which proues how eminent  
Things endlesse are about things temporall,  
That are in bodies needefully confin'de;  
I cannot suffer their dementions pierst  
VVhere my immortall part admits expanse  
Euen to the comprehension of two more  
Commixt substantially with her meere selfe. (friend?

*Mom.* As how my strange, and riddle-speaking

*Cl.* As thus my Lord, I feele my owne minds ioy  
As it is separte from all other powers,  
And then the mixture of an other soule  
Ioynd in direction to one end, like it,  
And thirdly the contentment I enioy,  
As we are ioynd that I shall worke that good  
In such a noble spirit as your neece,  
VVhich in my selfe I feele for absolute;  
Each good minde dowbles his owne free content  
VVhen in an others vse they giue it vent.

*Mom.* Said like my friend, and that I may not wrong  
Thy full perfections with an emptier grace,  
Then that which shoue presents to thy conceits,  
In working thee a wife worse then she seemes,  
He tell thee plaine a secret which I knowe,  
My neece doth vse to paint herselfe with white  
VVhose cheekes are naturally mixt with redd  
Either because she thinks pale-lookes moues most  
Or of an answerable nice affect  
To other of her modest qualities;  
Because she wood not with the outward blaze  
Of tempting bewtie tangle wanton eies;  
And so be troubled with their tromperie:

VVhich







*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

VVhich construe as thou wilt, I make it knowne  
That thy free comment may examine it,  
As willinger to tell truth of my neece,  
Then in the least degree to wrong my friend.

*Cl.* A ielous part of friendshippe you vnfold;  
For was it euer seene that any dame  
Wood change of choice a well mixt white and redd  
For bloodles palenes, if she striu'd to moue?  
He painting then is to shunn motion,  
But if she mended some defect with it  
Breedes it more hate then other ornaments;  
(Which to supplie bare nature) Ladies weare?  
What an absurd thing is it to suppose;  
(If Nature made vs either lame or sick.)  
VVe wood not seeke for sound lymmes, or for health  
By Art the Rector of confused Nature?  
So in a face if Nature be made lame  
Then Art can make it, is it more offence  
To helpe her want there then in other limmes?  
Who can giue instance where dames faces lost  
The priuiledge their other parts may boast.

*Mom.* But our most Court receiued Poets saies  
That painting is pure chastities abator.

*Cl.* That was to make vp a poore rime to Nature,  
And farre from any Iudgment it confered  
For lightnes comes from harts, and not from lookes  
And if in chastitie possesse the hart;  
Not painting doth not race it, nor being cleare  
Doth painting spot it,

*Omne bonum naturaliter pulchrum.*

For outward firenes beares the diuine forme,  
And moues beholders to the Act of loue;  
And that which moues to loue is to be wisht  
And eche thing simplie to be wisht is good.  
So I conclude mere painting of the face  
A lawfull and a commendable grace,

*Mom.* VVhat paradox dost thou defend in this

H

And

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

And yet through thy cleare arguments I see  
Thy speech is farr exempt from flatterie,  
And how illiterate custome grosslie erres?  
Almost in all traditions she preferres,  
Since then the doubt I put thee of my neece,  
Checks not thy doubtlesse loue, forth my deare friend,  
And to all force to those impressions,  
That now haue caru'd her phantasie with loue,  
I haue invited her to supper heere:  
And told her thou art most extreame sicke,  
VVhich thou shalt counterfeit with all thy skill,

*Clai.* VVhich is exceeding smale to counterfeit,

*Mom.* Practise a little, loue will teach it thee,  
And then shall doctor *Versy* the phisitian,  
Come to thee while her selfe is in my house,  
VVith whome as thou confer'st of thy disease,  
Ile bring my neece withall the Lords and Ladies,  
VVithin your hearing vnder fain'd pretext,  
To shew the pictures that hang neere thy chamber,  
VVhere when thou hearst my voyce, know she is there,  
And therefore speake that which may stir her thoughts,  
And make her slide into thy opened armes,  
Ladies whome true worth cannot moue to ruth,  
Trew louers mult deceue to shew their truth.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Quartus.*

ACTVS QVINTI SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Momford, Furnisfall, Tales, Kingcob, Rudesbie,  
Goosecap, Foutweather, Eugenia, Hippolita,  
Penelope, Wunnifred.*

*Mom.* VVhere is Sir Gyles Goosecappe here?

*Goof.* Here my Lord.

*Mom.* Come forward knight 'tis you that the Ladies admire at working a mine honor,

*Goof.* A





*Sir Gyles Goofecappe.*

*Goof:* A little at once my Lorde for Idlenes sake.

*Fur:* Sir *Cut*, I say, to her captaine.

*Penel:* Come good seruant let's see what you worke.

*Goof:* VVhy looke you mistris I am makeing a fine drie sea, full of fishe, playing in the bottome, & here ile let in the water so liuely, that you shall heare it rore.

*Eug:* Not heare it Sir *Giles*.

*Goof:* Yes in sooth madam with your eyes.

*Tal:* I Ladie, for when a thing is done so exceedingly to the life, as my knightlie cosen does it, the eye oftentimes takes so strong a heede of it, that it cannot containe it alone, and therefore the eare seemes to take part with it.

*Hip:* That's a verie good reason my Lord.

*Mom:* VVhat a Iest it is, to heare how seriouslie he strives to make his foolish kinsmans answeres wise ones.

*Pen:* VVhat shall this be seruant?

*Goof:* This shall be a great whale mistris, at all his bignesse spouting huge hils of salt-water afore him, like a little water squirt, but you shall not neede to feare him mistris, for he shalbe silke and gould, he shall doe you noe harme, and he be nere so liuely.

*Pen:* Thanke you good seruant.

*Tal:* Doe not thinke Ladie, but he had need tell you this a forehand for a mine honor, he wrought me the monster *Caucasus* so liuely, that at the first sight I started at it.

*Mom:* The monster *Caucasus* my Lord? *Caucasus* is a mountaine, *Cacus* you meane.

*Tal:* *Cacus* indeede my Lorde, crie you mercie.

*Goof:* Heere ile take out your eye, and you wil mistris.

*Pen:* No by my faith Seruant 'tis better in

H a

*Goof:* VVhy

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Goof.* VVhy Ladie, Ile but take it out in iest, in earnest.

*Pen.* No, something else there good seruant.

*Goof.* VVhy then here shall be a Camell, and he shall haue hornes, and he shall looke for all the world like a maide without a husband.

*Hip.* O bitter sir *Giles*.

*Tal.* Nay he has a drie wit Ladie I can tell ye.

*Pen.* He bobd me there indeede my Lord.

*Fur.* Marry him sweet Lady, to answere his bitter bob.

*King.* So she maie answere him with hornes indeed.

*Eng.* See what a pretie worke he weares in his boote-hose.

*Hip.* Did you worke them your selfe sir *Gyles*, or buy them?

*Goof.* I bought am for nothing madam in th'ex-ange

*Eng.* Bought am for nothing.

*Tal.* Indeed madam in th'exchange they so honor him for his worke that they will take nothing for anie thing he buies on am, but wheres the rich night-cappe you wroght cosen? if it had not byn too little for you, it was the best peece of worke, that euer I sawe.

*Goof.* VVhy my Lord, t'was biggenough, when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then you knowe.

*Tal.* Indeede the warmer a man keepes his feete the lesse he heedes weare vpon his head.

*Eng.* You speake for your kinsman the best, that euer I heard my Lord.

*Goof.* But I belecue madam, my Lord my cosen has not told you all my good parts.

*Tal.* I told him so I warrant you cosen.

*Hip.* VVhat doe you thinke he left out Sir *Giles*?

*Goof.* Marrie madam I can take tobacco now, and I haue bought glow-wormes to kindle it withall, better then







*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

then all the burning glasses ith world.

*Eng.* Glöwe-wormes *sir Gyles* will they make it burne?

*Goof.* O good madam I feed an with nothing but fire, a purpose, Ile besworne they eat me fivie faggots a weeke in charcoale.

*Tal:* Nay he has the strangest deuices Ladies that euer you heard I warrant ye.

*Fur:* That's a strange device indeed my Lord.

*Hip:* But your sowing *sir Gyles* is a most gentlewoman-like qualitie I assure you.

*Pen:* O farr away, for now seruant, you neede neuer marrie, you are both husband, and wife your selfe.

*Goof:* Nay indeede mistris I wood faine marrie for all that, and ile tell you my reason, if you will.

*Pen:* Let's heare it good seruant.

*Goof:* VVhy madam we haue a great match at foot-ball towards, married men against batchellers, & the married men be al my friends, so I wood faine marrie to take the married mens parts in truth.

*Hip:* The best reason for marriage that euer I heard *sir Gyles*.

*Goof:* I pray will you keepe my worke a little mistris, I mult needes straine a little courtise in truth.

*Exit Sir Gyles.*

*Hip:* Gods my life I thought he was a little to blame.

*Rud:* Come, come, you heare not me dame.

*Fur:* VVell said *sir Cur*, to her now we shall heare fresh courting.

*Hip:* A las *sir Cur*, you are not worth the hearing, euery bodie saies you cannot loue, how soeuer you talke on'r.

*Rud:* Not loue dame? slydd what argument woodst haue of my loue tro? lett me looke as redde as scarlet a fore I see thee, and when thou comst in sight if the sunne of thy bewtie, doe not white me like a shippards holland I am a lewe to my Creator.

*Hip:* O

*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

*Hip.* O excellent.

*Rud.* Let mee burst like a Tode, if a frowne of thy browe has not turnd the verie heart in my bellie, and made mee readie to bee hangd by the heeles for a fortnight to bring it to the right againe.

*Hip.* You shood haue hangd longer Sir *Cut*; tis not right yet,

*Rud.* Zonnes, bid me cut off the best lymme of my bodie for thy loue, and ile la't in thy hand to proue it, doost thinke I am no Christian, haue I not a Soule to saue?

*Hip.* Yes tis to saue yet I warrant it, and wilbe while tis a soule if you vse this.

*Fur.* Excellent Courtship of all hands, only my Capitaines Courtshippe, is not heard yet, good madam gue him fauour to court you with his voyce.

*Eug.* What shood he Court me with all else my Lord?

*Mom.* V Why, I hope madam there be other things to Court Ladies withall besides voyces.

*Fur.* I meane with an audible sweete song madam.

*Eug.* V With all my heart my Lorde, if I shall bee so much indebted to him.

*Fowl.* Nay I will be indebted to your eares Ladie for hearing me sound musicke.

*Fur.* V Well done Capitaine, proue as it wil now.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Me.* My Lord Doctor *Versey* the Physitian is come to see master *Clarence*.

*Mom.* Light and attend him to him presently.

*Fur.* To master *Clarence*? what is your friend sicke?

*Mom.* Exceeding sicke.

*Ta.* I am exceeding forrie.

*King.* Neuer was sorrow worthier bestowed  
Then for the ill state of so good a man.

*Pen.* Alas poore gentleman; goud my Lord lets see him.

*Mom.* Thankes gentle Ladie, but my friend is loth  
To





*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

To trouble Ladies since he cannot quitt them.  
With any thing he hath that they respect.

*Hip.* Respect my Lord; I wood hold such a man  
In more respect, then any Emperor  
For he cood make me Empreffe of my selfe  
And in mine owne rule comprehend the world.

*Mom.* How now young dame? what sodainly inspird  
This speech hath silver haire, and reuerence asks  
And soner shall haue dutie done of me  
Then any pompe in temperall Emperie.

*Hip.* Good madam get my Lord to let vs greet him.

*Eng.* Alas we shall but wrong and trouble him.  
His Contemplations greet him with most welcome.

*Fur.* I neuer knew a man of so sweet a temper  
So soft and humble, of so high a Spirit.

*Mom.* Alas my noble Lord he is not rich,  
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheekes,  
The standing lake of *Impudence* corrupts,  
Hath nought in all the world, nor nought wood haue,  
To grace him in the prostituted light,  
But if a man wood consort with a Soule  
VWhere all mans Sea of gall and bitternes  
Is quite evaporate with hir holy flames,  
And in whole powers a Doue-like Innocence  
Fosters her owne deserts, and life and death,  
Runnes hand in hand before them: All the Skies  
Cleere and transparent to her piercing eyes,  
Then wood my friend be something, but till then  
A *Cipher*, nothing, or the worst of men.

*Foul.* Sweet Lord lets goe visit him.

*Enter Goosecappe.*

*Goof.* Pray good my Lord, whats that you talke on?

*Mom.* Are you come from your necessarie busines Sir  
*Gyles*? we talke of the visiting of my sicke friend *Clarence*.

*Goof.* O good my Lord lets visit him, cause I knowe  
his brother.

*Hip.* Know his brother, nay then Count doe  
not

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

not denie him.

*Goof.* Pray my Lord whether was eldest, he or his elder brother?

*Mom.* O! the younger brother eldest, while you liue  
*Sir Gyles.*

*Goof.* I say so still my Lord; but I am so borne down with truth as neuer any knight in the world was I thinke.

*Ta.* A man woud thinke he speakes simplie now; but indeed it is in the will of the parents, to make which child they will youngest, or eldest: For often we see the younger inherite, wherein he is eldest.

*Eng.* Your Logically wit my Lorde is able to make any thing good.

*Mom.* VVelcome sweet Lords, & Ladies, let vs spend The time till supper-time with some such sights

As my poore house is furnished withall

Pictures and Jewels; of which implements

It may be I haue some wil please you much.

*Goof.* Sweet Lord lets see them. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clarence and Doctor.*

*Do.* I thinke your disease Sir, be rather of the mind then the bodie.

*Cl.* Be there diseases of the mind Doctor?

*Do.* No question Sir, eu en as there be of the bodie.

*Cl.* And cures for them too?

*Do.* And cures for them too, but not by Phisick.

*Cl.* You will haue their diseases, greifes & wil ye not?

*Do.* Yes, oftentimes.

*Cl.* And doe not greifes euer rise out of passions?

*Do.* Euermore.

*Cl.* And doe not passions proceed from corporall distempers?

*Do.* Not the passions of the mind; for the mind many times is sicke, when the bodie is healthfull.

*Cl.* But is not the mindes-sicknes of power to make the bodie sicke?

*Do.* In time; certaine.

*Cl.* And







Sir Giles Goosecappe.

*Cl.* And the bodies ill affections able to infect the  
*Do.* No question. (mind?)

*Cl.* Then if there bee such a naturall commerce of  
Powers betwixt them, that the ill estate of the one of-  
fends the other, why shood not the medicines for one  
cure the other?

*Do.* Yet it will not you see. *Hei mihi quod nullus amor  
est medicabilis herbis.*

*Cl.* Naythen Doctor, since you cannot make any  
reasonable Connexion of these two contrarieties the  
minde and the bodie, making both subiect to passion,  
wherein you confound the substances of both; I must  
tell you there is no disease of the mind but one, and  
that is *Ignorance.*

*Do.* Why what is loue? is not that a disease of the  
mind?

*Cl.* Nothing so: for it springs naturally out of the  
blood, nor are wee subiect to any disease; or sorrowe,  
whose causes or effects simply and natiuely concerne  
the bodie, that the mind by any meanes partaketh, nor  
are there any passions in the Soule, for where there are  
no affections, there are no passions: And *Affectus* your  
master *Galen* refers *parapsirascens*, *For illic est anima senti-  
ens ubi sunt affectus*: Therefore the Rationall Soule can-  
not be there also.

*Do.* But you know we vse to say, my mind giues mee  
this or that, euen in those addictions that concerne the  
bodie.

*Cl.* VVe vse to say so indeed, and from that vse comes  
the abuse of all knowledge, and her practize, for when  
the object in question onely concerns the state  
of the bodie? why shood the soule bee sorry or glad  
for it: if she willingly mixe her selfe, then shee is a foole,  
if of necessitie and against her will, A slave; And so, far  
from that wisdom, and freedome that the Empresse of  
Reason, and an eternall Substance shood comprehend.

*Do.* Diuinely spoken Sir, but verie Paradoxicalle.

*Enter*

*Sir Giles Goosecappe.*

*Enter Mansford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnif, Rudef. Goose  
Foul; Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita, Winnifrid.*

*Mom.* Who's there?

I, my Lord.

*Mom.* Bring hether the key of the gallerie, me thought  
I heard the Doctor and my friend.

*Fur.* I did so sure.

*Mom.* Peace then a while my Lord  
We will be bold to evedroppe; For I know  
My friend is as respectiue in his chamber  
And by himselfe, of any thing he does  
As in a Criticke Synods curious eyes  
Following therein Pythagoras golden rule.

*Maxime omnium teipsum reuerere.*

*Cl.* Knowe you the Countesse Eugenia Sir?

*Do.* Exceeding wel Sir, she's a good learned scholler.

*Cl.* Then I perceiue you know her well indeed.

*Do.* Me thinks you two shood vse much conference.

*Cl.* Alas sir, we doe verie seldome meet,  
For her estate, and mine are so vnequall,  
And then her knowledge passeth mine so farre  
That I hold much to sacred a respect,  
Of hir high vertues to let mine attend them.

*Do.* Pardon me Sir, this humblenes cannot flowe  
Out of your udgment but from passion.

*Cl.* Indeed I doe account that passion,  
The verie high perfection of my mind,  
That is excited by her excellence,  
And therefore willingly, and gladly seele it.

For what was spoken of the most chaste Queene  
Of riche Pasiaca may be said of her.

*Anteueni sortem moribus virtutibus Amos,  
Sexum animo, morum Nobilitate Genns.*

*Do.* A most excellent Dislick.

*Mom.* Come Lords away, lets not presume too much  
Of a good nature, not for all I haue  
V Vood I haue him take knowledge of the wrong.





*Sir Gyles Gooscappe.*

I rudely offer him: come then ile shewe  
A few rare Jewels to your honour'd eyes,  
And then present you with a common supper.

*Goos.* I cweells my Lord, why is not this candlestick  
one of your iewells pray?

*Mom.* Yes marre is it Sir *Gyles* if you will.

*Goos.* Tis a most fine candlestick in truth, it wants  
nothing but the languages.

*Pen.* The languages seruant, why the languages?

*Goos.* Why mistris; there was a latten candlestick here  
afore, and that had the languages I am sure.

*Ta.* I thought he had a reason for it *Ladie.*

*Pen.* I and a reason of the Sunne too my Lord, for  
his father wood haue bin ashamed on't. *Exeunt.*

*Do.* VVell master *Clarence* I perceiue your mind  
Hath so incorporate it selfe with flesh

And therein rarified that flesh to spirit,  
That you haue need of no Phisitians helpe.

But good Sir euen for holy vertues health  
And grace of perfect knowledge, doe not make

Those ground-workes of eternitie, you lay  
Meanes to your ruine, and short being here:

For the too strict and rationall Course you hold  
VVill eate your bodie vp; and then the world,

Or that small point of it, where virtue liues

VVill suffer Diminution: It is now

Brought almost to a simple vnitie,

VVhich is, (as you well know) *Simplicior puncto.*

And if that point faile once, why, then alas

The vnitie must onely be suppos'd,

Let it not faile then, most men else haue sold it;

Tho you neglect your selfe, vphould it,

So with my reuerend loue I leave you Sir. *Exit.*

*Cl.* Thanks worthie Doctour, I do amply quite you  
I prope poore vertue, that am propt my selfe,  
And onely by one friend in all the world,  
For vertues onely sake I vse this wile,

*Sir Giles Goosecapse.*

VVhich otherwise I woud despise and scorne,  
The world should sinke and all the pompe she hugs  
Close in her hart, in her ambitious gripe  
Ere I sustaine it, if this slendrest ioynt:  
Mou'd with the worth that worldlings loue so well  
Had power to saue it from the throate of hell  
*He drawes the Curtaines and sits within them.*

*Enter Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita.*

*Eng.* Come on faire Ladies I must make you both  
Familiar witnesses of the most strange part  
And full of impudence that ere I plaide.

*Hip.* VVhats that good madam?

*Eng.* I that haue bene so more then maiden-nice  
To my deare Lord and vnkle not to yeeld  
By his importunate suite to his friends loue  
In looke, or almost thought, will of my selfe  
Farre past his expectation or his hope  
In action, and in person greete his friend,  
And comfort the poore gentlemans sick state.

*Pen.* Is this a part of so much Impudence?

*Eng.* No but I feare me it will stretch to more

*Hip.* Mary madam the more the merrier.

*Eng.* Marrie Madam? what shood I marrie him?

*Hip.* You takethe word me thinkes as tho you would,  
And if there be a thought of such kind heate  
In your cold bosome, woud to God my breath  
Might blowe it to the flame of your kind hart.

*Eng.* Gods pretious Ladie, knoweye what you say,  
Respect you what I am, and what he is,  
VVhat the whole world woud say, & what great Lords  
I haue refused and might as yet embrace,  
And speake you like a friend, to wish me him?

*Hip.* Madam I cast all this, and know your choysse  
Can cast it quite out of the christall dores  
Of your Iudiciall eyes: I am but young  
And be it said without all pride I take,

To







*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

To be a maid, I am one, and indeed  
Yet in my mothers wombe to all the wiles  
Weend in the loomes of greatnes, and of state:  
And yet euen by that little I haue learn'd  
Out of continuall conference with you,  
I haue cride haruest home of thus much iudgment  
In my greene sowing time, that I cood place  
The constant sweetnes of good *Clarence* mind,  
Fild with his inward wealth and noblenes;  
(Looke madam here,) when others outward trashe  
Shood be contented to come vnder here.

*Pen.* And so say I vppon my maidenhead.

*Eug.* Tis well said Eadies; thus we differ then,  
I to the truth-wise, you to worldly men:  
And now sweet dames obserue an excellent iest  
(At least in my poore iesting.) Th' Erle my vnckle  
Will misse me straite, and I know his close drift  
Is to make me, and his friend *Clarence* meete  
By some deuice or other he hath plotted.  
Now when he seekes vs round about his house  
And cannot find vs, for we may be sure  
He will not seeke me in his sicke friends chamber,  
(I haue at al times made his loue so strange.)  
He straight will thinke, I went away displeas'd,  
Or hartelie careles of his hartiest sute.  
And then I know there is no greife on earth  
Will touch his hart so much, which I will suffer  
To quite his late good pleasure wrought on me,  
For ile be sworne in motion and progresse  
Of his friends suite; I neuer in my life  
VVrastled so much with passion or was mou'd  
To take his firme loue in such Ielouse part.

*Hip.* This is most excellent madam, and will proue  
A nece-like, and a noble friends Reuenge.

*Eug.* Bould in a good cause, then lets greet his friend,  
VVhere is this sickly gentleman at his booke?  
Now in good troth I wood this bookes were burn'd  
That

That

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

That rapp men from their friends before their time,  
How does my vnckles friend, no other name  
I need giue him, to whome I giue my selfe,

*Cl.* O madam let me rise that I may kneele,  
And pay some dutie to your soueraigne grace.

*Hip.* Good *Clarence* doe not worke your selfe disease  
My *Ladie* comes to ease and comfort you.

*Pen.* And we are handmaidens to her to that end.

*Cl.* *Ladies* my hart will breake, if it be held  
VVithin the verge of this presumtuious chaire.

*Eng.* VVhy, *Clarence* is your iudgement bent to show  
A common louers passion? let the world,  
That liues without a hart, and is but showe,  
stand on her emtie, and impoisoned forme,  
I knowe thy kindenesse, and haue scene thy hart,  
Clest in my vnckles free, and friendly lippes  
And I am onely now to speake and act,  
The rites due to thy loue: oh I good weepe,  
A bitter showe of teares for thy sick state,  
I good giue passion all her blackest rites,  
And make a thousand vowes to thy deserts,  
But these are common, knowledge is the bond,  
The seale and crowne of our vnited mindes,  
And that is rare, and constant, and for that,  
To my late written hand I giue thee this,  
See heauen, the soule thou gan'st is in this hand.  
This is the knot of our eternitie,  
VVhich fortune, death, nor hell, shal euer loose.

*Enter Bullaker. Iack Wil.*

*Ia.* VVhat an vnmannerly trick is this of thy countesse,  
to giue the noble count her vnckle the slippe  
thus?

*Wil.* VVnmannertlie, you villayne? O that I were  
worthie to weare a cagger to anie purpose for thy  
sake?

*Bul.* VVhy young gentlemen, vtter your anger  
with your fits,

*Wil.* Tha





*Sir Gyles Geofecappe.*

*Wil.* That cannot be man, for all fifts are that you know, and vter nothing, and besides I doe not thinke my quarrell iust for my Ladies protection in this caule, for I protest she does most abhominable misscarrie her selfe.

*Ia:* Protest you lawlie Iack you, I shood doe my cōuntry and court shippe good seruaice to beate thy coaltsteeth out of thy head, for suffering such a reuerend worde to passe their guardes; why, the oldest courtier in the world man, can doe noe more then protest,

*Bul.* Indeede page if you were in Fraunce, you woud bee broken vpon a wheele for it, there is not the best *Dukes* sonne in Fraunce dares saie I protest, till hee bee one and thirtie yeere old at least, for the inheritance of that worde is not to bee possesse before.

*Wil.* VVell, I am sorie for my presumption then, but more sorie for my Ladies, matie most sorie for thee good *Lorde Momfordo*, that will make vs most of all sorie for our selues; if wee doe not synde her out.

*Ia:* VVhy alas what shood wee doe all the starres of our heauen see, wee seeke her as fast as wee can, if shee bee crept into a rush wee will seeke her out or burne her.

*Enter Momford.*

*Mom.* Villaines where are your Ladies, seeke them Out; hence, home ye monsters, nad stil keep you there VVhere leuitie keepes, in her in constant Spheare, *Exeunt.*  
Awaike you pretious vilaines, what a plague, *Pages.*  
Of varried tortures is a womans harte:  
How like a peacockes taile with different lightes,  
They differ from them selues; the very ayre  
Alters the aspen humors of their bloods.

Now

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

Now excellent good, now super excellent badd.  
Some excellent good, some? but one of all:  
VVood anie ignorant babie serue her friend,  
Such an vnciuill part? Is blood what is learning?  
An artificiall cobwebbe to catch flies,  
And nourish *Spiders*, cood she cut my throate,  
VVish her departure I had byn her calfe,  
And made a dish at supper for my guests  
Of her kinde charge, I am beholding to her,  
Puffe, is there not a feather in this ayre  
A man may challenge for her? what? a feather?  
So easie to be seene, so apt to trace,  
In the weak flight of her vnconstant wings?  
A mote man at the most, that with the sunne,  
Is onely seene, yet with his radiant eye,  
we cannot single so from other mores,  
To say this mote is shee, passion of death,  
She wrongs me past a death, come come my friend,  
Is mine, she not her owne, and theres an end.

*Eng.* Come vnckle, shall we goe to supper now?

*Mom.* Zounds to supper? what a dorr is this?

*Eng.* A las what ailes my vnckle, Ladies see.

*Hsp.* Is not your Lordshippe well?

*Pen.* Good speake my Lord.

*Mom.* A tweete plague on you all, ye wittie rogues  
haue you no pittie in your villanous iests, but runne a  
man quite from his fiteene witts?

*Hsp.* VVill not your Lordshippe see your friend,  
and neece?

*Mom.* VVood I might sinke if I shame not to see her  
Tush it was a passion of pure Ielosie,  
He now make her now a mends with Adoration,  
Goddess of learning and of constancie,  
Of friendshippe and euerie other vertue.

*Eng.* Come, come, you haue abus'd me now I know  
And now you plaister me with flatteries.

*Pen.* My Lord the contract is knit fast betwixt them.

*Mom.* Now







*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Mom.* Now all heauens quire of Angels sing Amen,  
And blesse theis true borne nuptials with their blisse,  
And Neece tho you haue Cosind me in this,  
He vnckle you yet in an other thing,  
And quite deceiue your expectation.  
For where you think you haue contracted harts  
VVith a poore gentleman, he is sole heire  
To all my Earledome, which to you and yours  
I freely, and for euer here bequeath;  
Call forth the Lords, sweet Ladies let them see  
This sodaine and most welcome Noueltie;  
But crie you mercy Neece, perhaps your modestie  
VVill not haue them pertake this sodaine matche.

*Eng.* O vnckle thinke you so, I hope I made  
My choyce with too much Iudgment to take shame  
Of any forme I shall performe it with.

*Mom.* Said like my Neece, and worthy of my friend.

*Enter Furnifal, Tal: King: Goose: Rud: Fouk: Ia:*

*Will: Bullaker.*

*Mom.* My Lords, take witnes of an absolute wonder,  
A marriage made for vertue, onely vertue,  
My friend, and my deere neece are man and wife.  
*Fur.* A wonder of mine honour, and withall  
A worthie-prefedent for al the world;  
Heauen blesse you for it Ladie, and your choyce.

*Ambo* Thankes my good Lord.

*Ta.* An Accident that will make pollicie blushe,  
And all the Complements of wealth and state,  
In the successfull and vnumbred Race  
That shall flowe from it, fild with fame and grace.

*Kn.* So may it speed deere Countesse, worthy Clarence.

*Ambo* Thankes good Sir *Cusberd.*

*Fur.* Captaine be not dismaid, He marrie thee,  
For while we liue, thou shalt my consort be.

*Fouk.* By Fraunce my Lord, I am not grieu'd a whit,  
Since Clarence hath her, he hath bin in Fraunce,  
And therefore merits her if she were better.

K

*Mom.* Then

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Mom.* The knights ile knit your happie nuptial knots,  
I know the Ladies minds better then you,  
Tho my rare Niece hath chose for vertue onlie,  
Yet some more wise then tome, they choose for both  
Vertue, and wealth.

*Eng.* Nay vncke then I plead  
This goes with my choyce, *Some more wise then some,*  
For onely vertues choise is truest wisdom.

*Mom.* Take wealth, & vertue both amongst you then,  
They loue ye knights exreamely, and *Sir Cus:*  
I giue the chaste *Hippolita* to you,  
*Sir Gyles* this Ladie;

*Pen.* Nay stay there my Lord,  
I haue not yet prou'd all his knightly parts  
I heare he is an excellent Poet: too.

*Tal.* That I forgot sweet Ladie; good *Sir Gyles*  
Haue you no sonnet of your penne about ye?

*Goof.* Yes, that I haue I hope my Lord my Cosen.

*Fur.* Why, this is passing fit.

*Goof.* Ide be loth to goe without paper, about me  
against my mistris, hold my worke againe; a man knows  
not what neede he shall haue perhaps.

*Mom.* VVell remembred a mine honour *Sir Gyles:*

*Goof.* Pray read my Lorde, I made this sonnet of my  
mistris.

*Rud.* Nay reade thy selfe man.

*Goof.* No intruth *Sir Cus:* I cannot reade mine owne  
hande.

*Mom.* VVell I will reade it.

*Three things there be which thou shouldst only crane,*

*Thou Penroy, or thou apple of mine eye;*

*Three things there be; which thou shouldst longe to haue,*

*And for which three, each modest dame wood grie;*

*Three things there be, that shood thine anger swage,*

*An English mastife, and a fine french page.*

*Rud.* Sblood Aste, theres but two things, thou shamst  
thy selfe.

*Goof.* VVhy





VVhy Sir *Curt*: thats *Poeticalicentia*, the verfe wood haue binne too long, and I had put in the third, S'light you are no Poet I perceiue.

*Pen.* Tis excellent seruant.

*Mom.* Keepe it *Ladie* then,  
And take the onely knight of mortall men.

*Goof.* Thanke you good my Lord as much as tho you had giuen me twentie shillings in truth, now I may take the married mens parts at footeball.

*Mom.* All comforts crowne you all; & you *Captaine* For merrie forme sake let the willowe crowne;  
A wreath of willow bring vs hither straite.

*Fur.* Not for a world shood that haue bin forgot  
*Captaine* it is the fashion, take this crowne.

*Foul.* VVith all my hart my Lord, and thanke ye too  
I will thanke any man that giues me crownes.

*Mom.* Now will we consecrate our readie supper  
To honourd *Hymen* as his nuptiall rite,  
In forme whereof first daunce faire Lords and Ladies  
And after sing, so we will sing and daunce,  
And to the skies our vertuous ioyes aduance.

*The Measure.*

Now to the song, and doe this garland grace.

*Canto.*

*Willowe, willowe, willowe.*

*our captaine goes downe:*

*Willowe, willowe, willowe,*

*his vallon doth crowne.*

*The rest with Rosemarie we grace,*

*O Hymen let thy lights*

*With richest rayes guild euerie face,*

*and feast harts with delights.*

*Willowe, willowe, willow,*

*we chaunt: o: he skies:*

*And with blacke and yellowe,*

*giue courtship the prize.*

FINIS.















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